

The Tatler



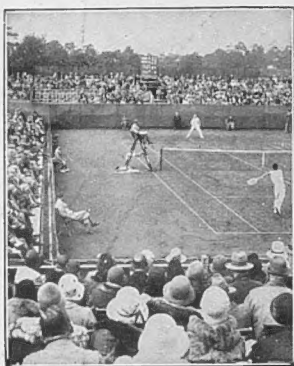
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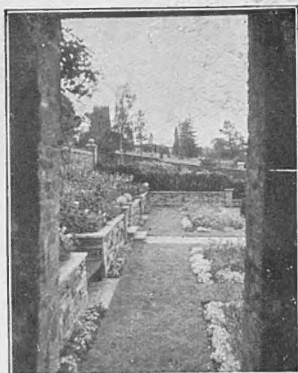
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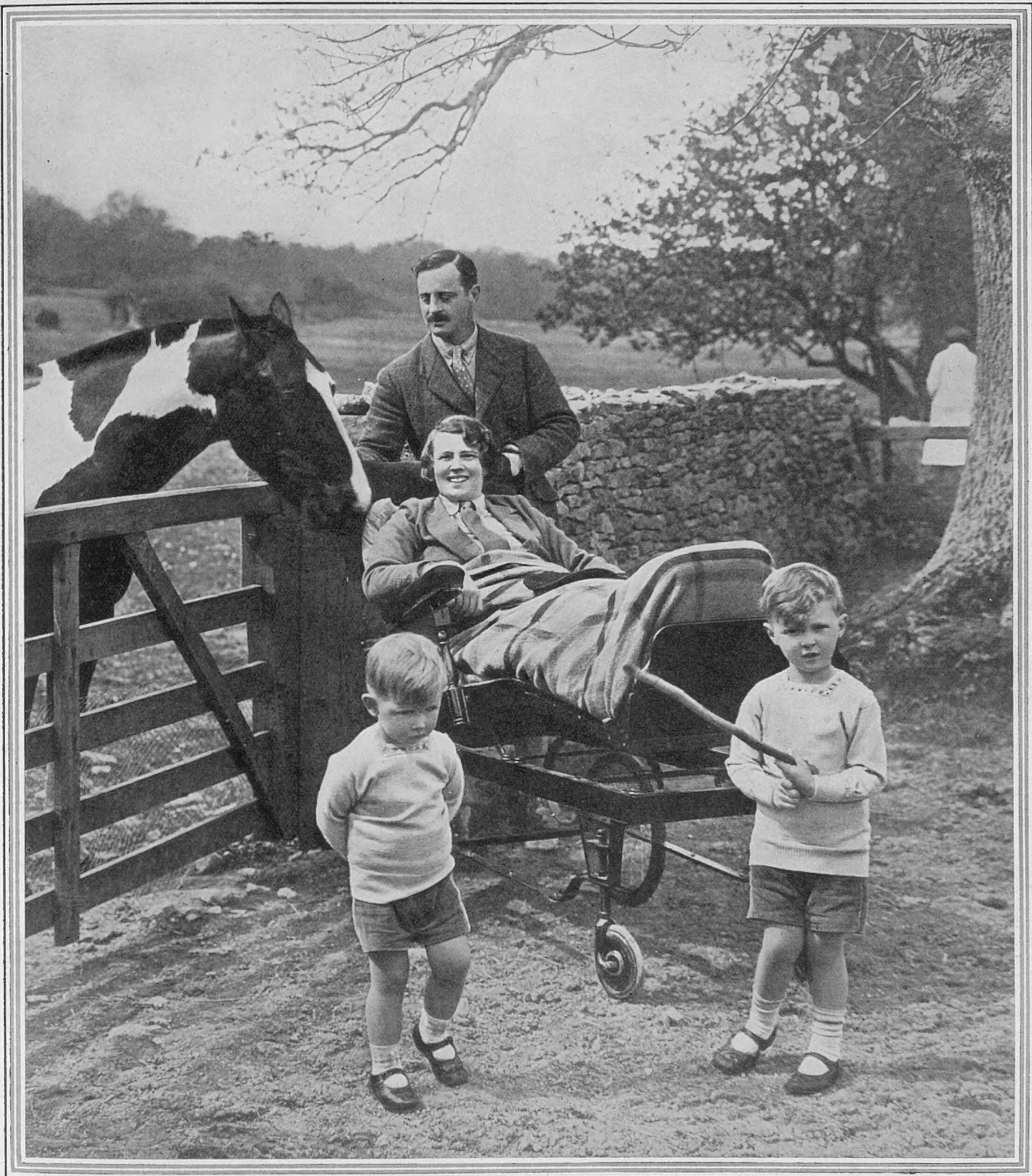
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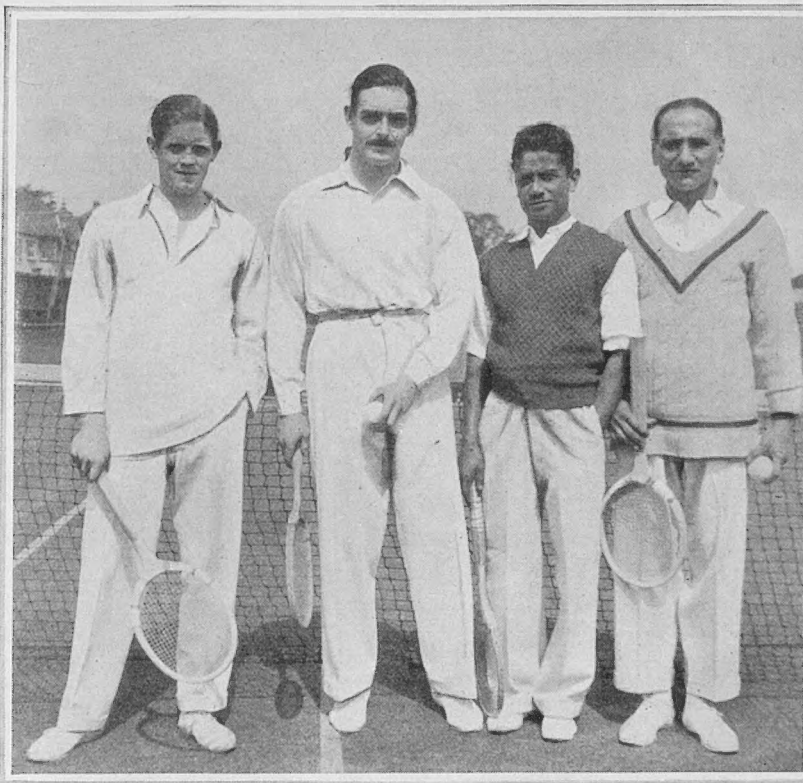


LORD AND LADY APSLEY AND THEIR CHILDREN AT "PETTY FRANCE,"
NEAR BADMINTON, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

W. Dennis Moss, Cirencester

Lady Apsley, as all the hunting world at any rate knows, got a terribly bad fall last season when hunting with her father-in-law's (Lord Bathurst's V.W.H.) hounds, and at first a very grave view was taken regarding her injuries. Her horse rolled over her, severely damaging her back, but surgical skill averted the danger and she is now able to get out and about again, but is not, as will be observed, completely recovered. Both Lord and Lady Apsley are also well known with the Beaufort Hounds. The children in the picture are the Hon. Henry and the Hon. George Bathurst

The Letters of Eve



AT SURBITON: THE EARL OF WARWICK, CAPTAIN C. S. BRIGHT, AHMED HUSSAIN, AND DR. FYZEE

Lord Warwick, who is not yet of age, and his partner, Captain Bright, did extraordinarily well in the Open Tournament at Surbiton, and the young Earl shows very great promise. He has a fierce fore-hand drive and knows when to lob. He led Dr. A. Fyzee and Ahmed Hussain 5-4 before the Indians found a way of dealing with his lobs. At West Kensington Lord Warwick and J. B. Leader, the Bedford school-boy, reached the final of the Doubles handicap but were unable to play off the match owing to rain. They therefore divided the prize with their opponents

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.
FEELING strong and lusty again after a short holiday, my pen fountains once more for your information, please, my dear. Whitsuntide was a wonderful way of linking winter to summer. I packed all my thickest winter things on Friday and was a willing burnt-offering on Monday. The blue noses which prevailed at Chelsea Show became a pale prawn in three days' time, so waggish is our weather.

The last nocturnal activity of the pre-Whitsun week was the International Ball at Grosvenor House. Here diplomacy was seen at its best, after an encouraging reception by Lady Cynthia Colville. Mrs. Stanley Baldwin looked extremely well in a multi-coloured brocade frock, and Annie, Lady Cowdray, brought a young party which included Lady Anne Wellesley, Lord Waleran, Miss Joan Pearson, and Miss Marjorie



IN THE PARK: LORD AND LADY KYLSANT

During the short-lived heat-wave of last week and before the next depression had time to reach England. Lord Kysant, as everyone knows, is a prominent figure in the shipping world. He was Master of the Carmarthenshire Hounds from 1912 to 1926

Glasgow. Lady Bridget Poulett's white net dress, worn over a green lining, was particularly good to look at. Those who might have wished to polish up their foreign tongues had ample opportunity, for the air was full of varied languages.

* * *

I don't think I am letting an unwarranted cat out of its bag by telling you of the brewing engagement between Mr. Rupert Tollemache and Miss Patricia Smiley, for it will probably be made public before this reaches you. She, short, fair, and attractive, is a granddaughter of that gallant old man, Sir Claude de Crespigny, who, incidentally, was the first person to fly the North Sea in a balloon.

The idea is, I believe, that their wedding shall take place in the autumn, after which they will probably settle near Ipswich as the bridegroom works in the family business there.

Another matrimonial plan, which has already been divulged, between Mr. Lance-lot Joynson-Hicks and Miss Phyllis Allfrey, is of great interest to Beaufortshire in particular. Miss Allfrey is very popular there; her family went to live in that neighbourhood after their lovely place in the Cottesmore country was burnt down,



AT DRUMCAIRNE, CO. TYRONE: LADY CHARLEMONT

If this pretty picture is a general indication, things—in the garden—are much more forward in Northern Ireland than they are in the rest of the British Isles. Lord Charlemont has been Minister of Education and Leader of the Senate in Northern Ireland since 1926. Lady Charlemont was formerly Miss Evelyn Pendleton Hull

and, although she had not liked horses and hunting before, she suddenly took to them and started riding across country in the finest style.

Masses of lilies-of-the-valley, rhododendrons, and irises which had come from Cardiff Castle, our hostess's magnificent tiara of emeralds, and a spate of long black gloves all impressed themselves simultaneously on my mind when I arrived at Queen Anne's Gate for the dance given by Lady Bute. The joint reasons for this excellent party were her niece, Miss Constance Bellingham, and Miss Annette Preston, who were both obviously having a great success. Miss Bellingham wore her Court frock, and her idea of getting the train transformed into a little coat was ingenious and effective.

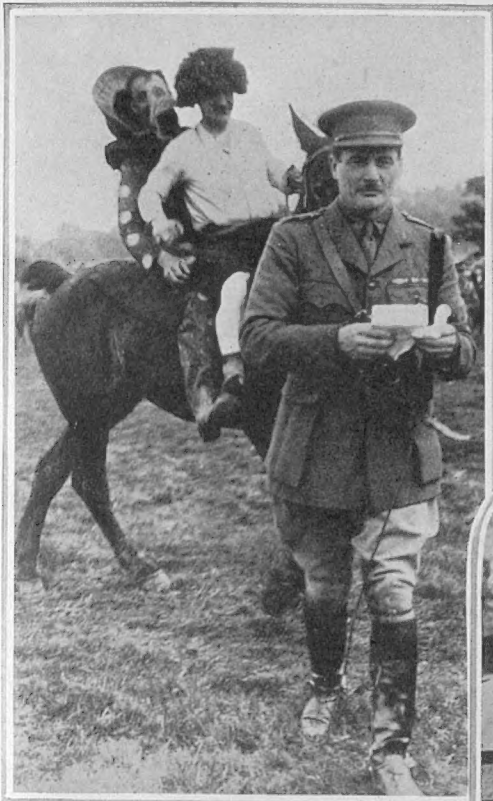
Many fellow débutantes contributed further to the reputation for good looks which this season's young entry has quickly acquired. I took particular note of Lady Patricia Hare, Miss Margaret Livingstone-Learmonth and her red frock, Miss Pamela Silvertop, and Miss Edmée Weisweiler. They were all pulling their weight two nights later at Queen Charlotte's Ball, about

which I gave you advance information in my last letter, and one heard final plans for that evening's entertainment being discussed.

Dancing was exceedingly brisk, Lord Dumfries, Lord Moore, Mr. Thomas Mitford, and Mr. Roderic More O'Ferrall being among those

are your fancy, here is one of the finest galleries in Europe, as well as Rembrandt's house, which is full of original drawings and etchings.

A visit to any nursery enables you to be literally submerged by flowers, so anxious are the growers that you should enjoy their lovely wares. The country people go about with their persons and their bicycles hung with ropes of tightly-woven flower-heads which give every



Truman Howell
AT THE WARWICKSHIRE YEOMANRY SPORTS: MAJOR THE MARQUESS OF NORTHAMPTON—AND "ESCORT"

The escort is composed of the inevitable comic relief which is produced at all regimental sports. Lord Northampton used to be in the Blues, got a D.S.O., and also was wounded in the War. The Warwickshire Yeomanry Sports were held at Shipston-on-Stour on Whit, or Wet, Monday

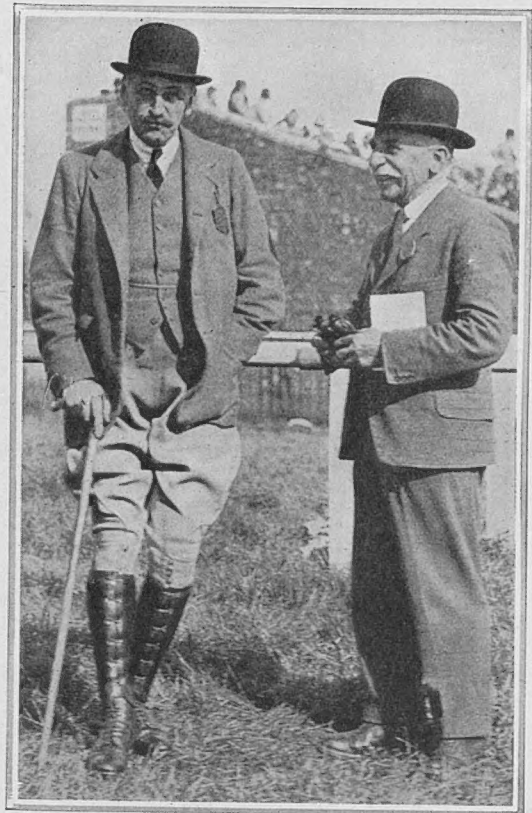
who stayed the course particularly well, but it was not surprising that on such a summer night the garden proved most enticing.

It has long been my ambition to go to Holland at bulb time, and the more I hear about it the greater is my determination. A friend of mine has just returned from a visit to Amsterdam and The Hague, and tells tales most tantalizing to the nose. She was tremendously struck with the whole country and its genuine appearance of prosperity which is becoming all too rare in most lands. Amsterdam sounds fascinating, with its water-taxis to take you back and to along the numerous canals, and the peaceful result is worth the journey. If pictures



Truman Howell
ALSO LIEUT.-COLONEL P. D. STEWART AND LORD HENRY SEYMOUR

Another brace caught by the camera sniper at the Warwickshire Yeomanry Sports. Colonel P. D. Stewart was originally a Gordon Highlander, and then transferred to the cavalry, and eventually retired as a Lieut.-Colonel in the 3rd D.G.'s. He used to ride very well between the flags



Howard Barrett
AT HUNTINGDON RACES: MR. FRANK GOODLIFF AND THE MARQUESS OF EXETER

In a sunny interval at this pleasant little meeting. The Marquess of Exeter was for a short time Joint Master of the Fitzwilliam. He is the father of a famous son, Lord Burghley, the star hurdler and sprinter

day a gala look. The younger generations of bulbs are not allowed to waste their strength by flighty flowering, so every effort they make in this direction is picked off, with the result that enormous mounds of nothing but buds occur every now and then. I confess I should find it difficult to enforce this chastening plan.

One of the most attractive places in Holland is Clingendaal, near The Hague. This is a lovely red-brick castle built in the seventeenth century which belongs to the Baroness de Brien. She is a tremendously keen and able gardener, though not in the accepted Dutch sense, for her *chef-d'œuvre* is a Japanese garden so perfect in every detail that people even come from America to see it.

Her interests by no means cease here, for the Baroness made a golf course on her property, and now it has become the well-known Hague links on which plenty of people aspire to play. In addition she used to breed racehorses, having many successes on the Continent and in England, the Newbury Cup being one. Needless to say, her numerous English friends love going over to visit her, particularly those who own yachts, for the harbour at The Hague is very handy.

When a salmon river is in spate on a Saturday, fishermen take heart of grace, for the nets at the mouth are up over the week-end, so the grey shadows have unrestricted opportunities for travel and by Monday, given amenable weather, there is every chance of getting a fish. This fortunate condition occurred when I was down in Devon, and on Whit Monday

(Continued overleaf)
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THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

the Tavy was very busy. Catching sight of a gleam of silver on the river bank I approached to find Mr. Britton, who paints those well-known heathery-purple views of Exmoor and Dartmoor,



MISS BENITA HUME AND MR. JACK DUNFEE

At Pinkney's Green last week. Miss Benita Hume is one of England's best film actresses and recently refused the offer of a £10,000 contract from Hollywood because she prefers to make British films. Mr. Dunfee is a well-known racing motorist

to find on returning to London that Miss Maude Parker had a show of "Salmon Pools" for me to go to at the Greatorex Gallery. This artist used to fish herself, and her water-colours of such famous spots as the Craig o'er Pool on the Tweed and the Ferrochs on the Dee are quite delightful.

* * *

It is pretty safe to say that, if there is an unusual, dangerous, and exciting sport, the Duke of Westminster will be in it. His latest move will shortly be to Scotland where he plans to pursue the basking sharks; these are often mistaken for whales so you can imagine that the hunting of them is a big proposition.

The procedure is to steam out in the *Cutty Sark* to the region where they are to be found; then the perilous part begins for the sharks must be harpooned from a dinghy. This is a flimsy vehicle which would be easily upset with one lash of the creature's tail. On the first occasion that the Duchess went on this expedition, the boat in which she was being towed was attacked, and it was only by rowing hard and taking a zig-zag course that the party escaped.

* * *

Coming unexpectedly upon a *cache* of venerable newspapers the other day, my eye lit on the following, published in "The Norwich Mercury" in 1777, which suggests that in one respect, at any rate, modern life has its advantages:

"The many melancholy accidents that have lately happened in consequence of mice getting into ladies' hair in the night-time induced the Society of Arts, at their last meeting, to offer a premium to the person who should invent the neatest and most useful bedside mousetrap. In consequence of this encouragement, we have pleasure in informing our female readers that a silver trap is now invented by Mr. Moses Martingo, silversmith, in New Bond Street, price 3 guineas. He also sells nightcaps made of silver wire as flexible as gauze and yet so strong that no mouse, or even rat, can gnaw through them. Our correspondent informs us that the present demand for these articles is incredible. The caps, if made of silver wire,

are sold at 3 guineas, but the *Ton* have them in gilt wire, from 6 to 10 guineas." So much for the good old days!

Colonel Leggatt was fishing the beat lent him by Major Anstice of Goodamoor, who was away in Ireland, and he was lucky too, a seventeen-pounder giving him lots of fun. Major Dawson was in action as well, but I did not hear whether success attended him. He is a very complete angler and writes on this fascinating pursuit under the pen name of "West Country."

Full of exhilarating memories of rods and swirls and screaming reels it was pleasant

are sold at 3 guineas, but the *Ton* have them in gilt wire, from 6 to 10 guineas." So much for the good old days!

"Have you seen Argentina?" is a question to be heard on all sides. The answer is usually in the affirmative, for the three dance recitals given by this quite entrancing person filled the Adelphi to the brim. Her art is amazing; so polished, so varied, so emotionally expressive, and yet restrained, so spontaneous, and so completely sophisticated.

At the enormous afternoon party given for her last week at the Dorchester by Mr. and Mrs. Cochran, foreign ministers forgathered in force, and Sir John and Lady Lavery, Constance Duchess of Westminster, tall Lady Juliet Duff, and Lord and Lady Queensberry were also paying homage to Spanish grace.

Argentina was first introduced to the poetry of motion by her Castilian father, who was *premier danseur* at the Opera House in Madrid, and by the time she was eleven she had achieved the feminine equivalent of this rank for herself. But after a few years classic ballets became too restrictive a medium for her individualism, so she forsook the Opera House in favour of music halls, where she could develop her own ideas, particularly in relation to the folk music of her country.

Paris first realized Argentina's brilliance, and since then she has triumphed in South America and the States. She is her own choreographer, and I wish you could hear the music of her castanets.

* * *

If Lady Tweeddale had not been lent the Czecho-Slovakian Legation in which to give her dance I tremble to think what might have happened to her seven hundred guests. Almost any other building would have made a *pâté* of them; as it was there was the crush which indicates success in spite of the two staircases which greatly eased the congestion. Food, drink, music, floor, all were excellent, and the congregation dazzling. Rambler roses, lilac, and tulips decorated the enormous ballroom in which might be seen all the most glorious creatures London can produce.

Lady Nunburnholme was a joy to behold in a shimmering dress. Mrs. Cunningham Reid looked lovely too. A noticeable revival is the wearing of head-dresses, rather agreeable after a long period of undecorated hair. Mrs. James Beck had a black wreath round her head, and Cora, Lady Stafford, a wonderful necklace of single diamonds.

Lady Ribblesdale brought on her dinner party which consisted of many debutante friends of Lady Hélène Hay, for whom the dance was given. Others taking the floor were Lord Fitz-Harris, Lord Selby, nimble and brisk in spite of a hard day in the City, and Sir Godfrey and Lady Thomas. Lord and Lady Limerick, Lady Joan Talbot, Miss Locker-Lampson, Lady Katharine Lindsay, and Miss Pamela Wellesley are only a few of a list which might go on indefinitely.—With love, Yours ever, EVE.



Yevonde

MISS AUDREY BARRET

Who was presented at Their Majesties' second Court this season by Mrs. Dawes, the wife of the American Ambassador. Miss Barret is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Barret of New York and a grand-niece of the Lord Bagot who married Miss Lilian May of Maryland

QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S BALL AT THE DORCHESTER



THE HON. MAGDALEN FRASER, LADY KATHARINE LINDSAY, AND MISS ELIZABETH DARELL



A GROUP, INCLUDING (in front THE HON. SHEILA BAMFYLDE, MISS ANNE LOYD, MISS FLORA FERMOR-HESKETH, LADY ANNE BRIDGEMAN, AND MISS K. HOOD



MISS ROSE BINGHAM, MISS ANN CHARTERIS, AND LADY ANGLESEY'S DAUGHTER, LADY CAROLINE PAGET



AN 1850 POLKA: LADY GEORGE CHOLMONDELEY, THE HON. EILEEN BROUGHAM, AND Mlle. DE OLIVEIRA, WITH MR. KINGSBURY, THE HON. DAVID RHYS, AND MR. COATS



MISS PEGGY CHANDOS-POLE, LADY BRIDGET POULETT, AND MR. MICHAEL MENZIES

All the prettiest débutantes of 1931 had an important part to play at Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball in aid of Great Britain's largest maternity hospital. Dressed in white and linked together on long scarlet ropes, they provided the motive power for a huge birthday cake, from which Lady Patricia Ramsay cut the first slice. Lord and Lady Lovat's daughter, Miss Magdalen Fraser, was one of the tallest members of this attractive procession of Maids of Honour, which included the respective daughters of Lord and Lady Crawford, Sir Thomas and Lady Fermor-Hesketh, Lord and Lady Bradford, Lord and Lady Poltimore, Lady Rosabelle Brand, the Hon. Guy Charteris, Lord and Lady Anglesey, etc., etc. Lady George Cholmondeley, as Dame d'Honneur, was also participating, and featured later in the evening in the 1850 polka group. This was one of the episodes in "One Hundred Years of Ball-room Dancing" which she had organized to the admiration of onlookers. Mlle. de Oliveira is the daughter of the Brazilian Ambassador, and Miss Brougham is Lord Brougham's sister. Lady Bridget Poulett came out last year

The Cinema : French and English

By JAMES AGATE

THE law of libel would appear in France to be something of a dead letter. Or perhaps it would be better to say that they have invented the art of the friendly lampoon.

The other evening I was taken to one of those little cubby-holes calling themselves theatres, near the Moulin Rouge, to be precise le Théâtre de Dix Heures. My hosts had insisted that we should linger over what was really an adorable *gigot* rubbed with the right amount of garlic. There were other things to linger over, but this is not a culinary article. We arrived some twenty minutes late whereupon, as appears to be the fashion at this theatre, the *commère* started in to *engueuler*, or as we should say, slang our little party, to the huge enjoyment of the house. "*A quelle heure mangez-vous donc ?*" was the mildest of her quips. But to this business of the lampoon. Hardly had we settled in our seats when a very solemn young man came on and informed us to the strains of Chopin's Funeral March that "*Monsieur Doumer n'est décidément pas gai,*" accompanying the livelier part of this composition with the words: "*Quand il sort c'est avec sa famille.*" Imagine an English music-hall comedian who should be allowed to inform us in funereal tones that "Ramsay MacDonald is not a jolly sort"! But the French seem to like this sort of thing; it is part of the national character and presumably belongs to the air they breathe. Probably very few people in France bring libel actions owing to the probability that the bringing of the action would cover them with greater ridicule than the original injury.

The foregoing will perhaps explain why it has been possible for Grock to make the film entitled *La Vie d'un Grand Artiste*, now being exhibited at the Marivaux-Pathé, the extremely elegant and comfortable and to all appearances new little house. Seeing this film one is compelled to ask oneself: Is Grock married, or has he been? Is there or has there been a Mrs., Madame, Frau, Señora, or Signora Grock? I put it this way because I have heard it said in France that Grock is English. Now in his present film Grock makes no secret of the fact, indeed he may be said to exploit the fact that the film's hero is Grock himself. That being so the lady at whose expense the film is made can only be Madame Grock, unless, of course, Grock has never been married! In which case there is no galled jade to wince. The film shows how Grock, to please his wife, buys a château on the Riviera for two million francs, to which château he retires, and where he becomes an expert and enthusiastic kitchen gardener. But Madame has no heart for cabbages, and instead prefers to cast sheep's eyes at the ruined Count to whom the castle formerly belonged. One day a travelling circus visits the locality and Grock entertains them all to dinner, a proceeding upon which Madame, heading her Riviera guests, breaks in with some asperity. That same night she runs away with the Count, or, to be more accurate, is sent packing by her husband. Grock's acting here is very fine, his silent contempt for the lover being worthy of Jannings. To repair his broken heart Grock, of course, returns to the music-halls, and the rest of the film is a screen version of his world-famous act. It is all extremely well done, and makes as good an hour, or rather more, as one could wish for in the cinema. Another thing which must be in the French blood is the circus,

for the next night I went into a funny little place in the Place Pigalle and I saw a sentimental comedy entitled *Mary-Lou* with Lia Mara and Fred-Louis Lerch, of neither of whom I had ever heard. This was a silent film, accompanied by some delicious music which, nevertheless, did not stop one's ears to the fact that screen characters jabbering away nineteen to the dozen and from whose lips no sound proceeds strike one to-day as extremely odd. Mary-Lou was a Russian Grand Duchess who, owing to the unsettled condition of her country, found it expedient to desert the steppes and learn those of a dancer in a circus where, of course, she fell in love with a young circus-rider, from which entanglement the Grand Duke, her uncle, having journeyed from Leningrad to retrieve her, now proposed to rescue her. But the young fellow, learning that she was

rich, put it about that he was married already, whereupon Mary-Lou pretended that she and her uncle were ruined, and ultimately the pair were united in a Russian cathedral wearing princely Russian head-gear, for it further turned out that the circus-rider was a Russian Prince. The French audience swallowed this whole, which was remarkable in view of the fact that the French taste for realism is only equalled by their taste for irony. It is curious that being such masters of two such bitter qualities the French should upon occasion permit themselves sentimentalities which no other race would tolerate. At the same time I am going to confess without the tremor of an eyelid that I myself, although as little sentimental as most Englishmen, enjoyed this film very much indeed.

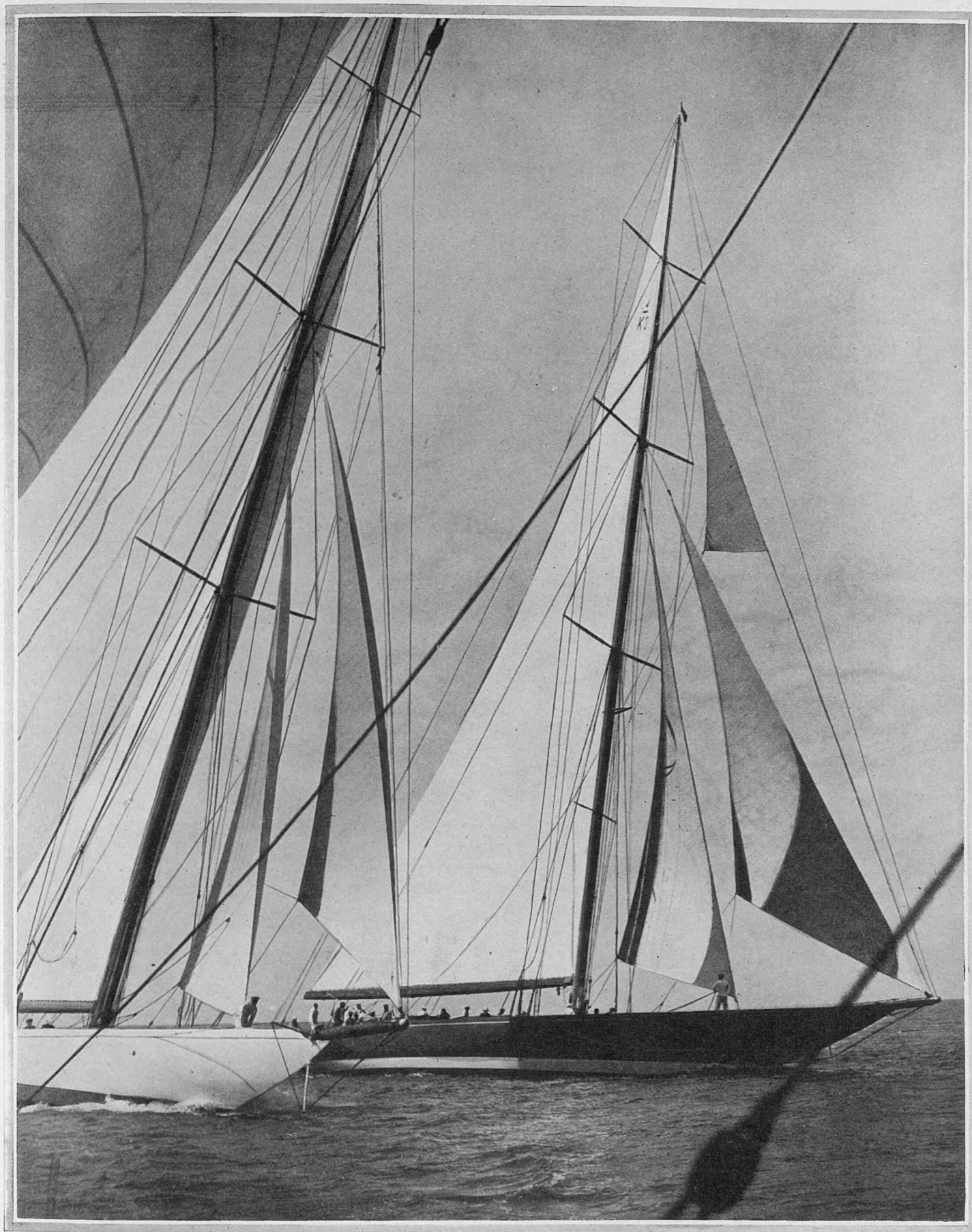
Upon yet another evening I went to an entirely different film, *Western Front, 1918*, directed by Pabst. This was the uncensored version of the German film, and it presented the war as I have always said it should be presented, that is to say, as a wholly dreadful, nerve and mind racking horror which civilized humanity should never permit. What was the result? The result was simply that the film turned out to

have no entertainment value. You cannot profitably keep the mind at full stretch of horror for a whole evening, and if you attempt this the mind resents it and begins to find itself bored. The cinema was a cheap one on the other side of the river miles from anywhere, and it was not one-sixth full. It would seem, then, that my theory about war-films finds itself in something of a cleft stick. If the war-film has entertainment value it tends to make audiences think of war as a gallant adventure not wholly to be discouraged. If, on the other hand, the film presents war as horrible beyond any possibility of mitigation it will have no value as a means of filling an evening with agreeable entertainment. I confess that I have not yet been able to reconcile the two aspects of my problem, and it is with the greatest diffidence that I put forward the view that when the world recently went to war it was without taking thought as to how that action would suit the pockets of the film-magnates or fit itself into any theory of film criticism! To go back for a moment to the question of sentimental films I should like to say that *The Millionaire*, Mr. George Arliss's new film at the New Gallery, is one of the most agreeable pieces of nonsense I have seen for a long time. Let me admit, however, that it is infinitely more saccharine than anything I saw in France.



ELISSA LANDI IN HOLLYWOOD

Where the pretty young English actress is now starring in the Fox film, "*Body and Soul*," and some others. Hollywood suddenly discovered that it could not do without Elissa Landi, and she was presented with a big contract which she is now working out



OFF SOUTHEND: ASTRA AND SHAMROCK V.

An excellent picture taken from "Candida" just after the big boats of the "J" class had crossed the line in the 40-mile race of two rounds to the Nore lightship and back. "Shamrock V.," Sir Thomas Lipton's famous challenger for the last America's Cup, was not into her stride as quickly as she might have been, but in the end showed a clean pair of heels to the whole fleet of them and won by six minutes. "Shamrock V." made a gallant effort to get that cup last year, but it was not to be. The three factors which American experts reckon as entering into a yacht race are: Seamanship, 40 per cent.; design of hull, 30 per cent.; sail speed, 30 per cent., and it is extremely probable that they are right

RACING RAGOUT : By "GUARDRAIL"

TO-DAY will decide how right or wrong we have all been in the assessment of the three-year-olds. York showed us that whatever form Jacopo may return to later on, at the moment he is not a horse at all, and Cecil Rochfort must be sympathised with in his disappointment. The horse had an unfurnished appearance, besides having grown on the leg, and he is not such a nice horse at three years old as he was at two years. Doctor Dolittle, who beat him, has on the contrary made up into a nice hard short-legged horse, and no trainer would get a greater ovation than "Atty" should he win. The Stockbridge luck has turned or the stable is just running into form and both the big races at Hurst Park fell to it. This is one of the best outsiders. Nothing seems to be able to check Manton with either the young or old horses, and Link Boy with Stephen, the greatest of artists in the plate, is very much fancied. One can, however, only go by what one has seen and there can be no reason why he should win.

The "Guineas" form has worked out very oddly, the only outstanding point being the ease with which the supposedly half-fit Cameronian trotted away with his race. Goyescas was never in the hunt in his next race, Link Boy is preferred to Orpen, and Concerto has been struck out. Pomme d'Api is perhaps the most genuine candidate of the lot. He is the only one who has run a mile and a half in public, defeating The Scout II at Newmarket, though the latter was then not quite at his best, nor did Pat Beasley ride one of his most brilliant races. The Scout next came out at York, and even with one foreleg in the grave won pulling up. Over a mile Pomme d'Api gave Link Boy nearly a stone, and was only beaten a length and a half, so that one draws the conclusion that while he may be slightly deficient in speed he will undoubtedly get the trip, but is just not good enough to win if there is anything with equal stamina in the race. Cameronian's staying powers have to be taken on trust, but his effortless Guineas win, and the confidence of his powerful stable behind him makes one write him down the winner with Pomme d'Api and Link Boy chasing him home.

The Oaks seldom causes much of a flutter unless there is some outstanding filly, which this year there is not. Lady Marjorie has been thrown out of work too long, and the race looks to be very open. Four Course and Turtle Soup were about the two best fillies last year, but I have a sneaking feeling for Tantine, who was staying on well in the One Thousand and has improved out of recognition. On statistics Manton should be second in the Derby with Link Boy, and win the Oaks with their selected.

Two or three useful two-year-olds have now made their appearance, Dastur and Orta being probably the two best. It is very hard lines on the owner that his stable information should be able to be stolen and broadcast as has been the case with the Manton two-year-olds. Orta opened a raging favourite at York first time out to win in a canter, and Thorndean was almost unbackable at Doncaster. It was only at Hurst Park that they were able to trade at fair odds, the public cutting each others' throats to get on Fallow Chat as the Manton neglected. Well as she ran she was no match for Spenser, who travelled home penalty and all very comfortably. Job (the Biblical, not

the starting-price one) was made to look like a selling-plater by Atty Perse when O'Curry won the Piccadilly Plate at Hurst on the Tuesday. How long ago he won a race my books don't go far enough back to say, but for upwards of three years the horse has lived in the sea or with his legs under violet rays, and it is a triumph to have pulled him round, more especially as he is made like a polled angus and is one of the heaviest-topped horses in training. Ojala won the Penrhyn Cup for the stable at the nice price of 100 to 7, and it is to be hoped that now, having got on the right leg, they will stay on it.

The Royal Standard Stakes at Manchester was a further Manton triumph, but unless he loathes racing it is hard to take this race as showing the true form of Jacques Emile Blanche. On his Newmarket Stakes form he can't be 21 lbs. behind Truculent, and he must be given one more chance. The Half-Krona filly won the initial selling race at Yarmouth for Walter Griggs, and as this form looks good enough to win again it is to be hoped that he will give the filly a name to simplify matters for Lord Edward's butler, who might easily become a menace to the sanity of Messrs. Fribourg and Treyer. "Half-baked" might be a suitable name.

So many enquiries have I received as to the reasons for one of our best known layers not habitually standing up on the rails, that I should like to state that it is largely due to his activities in the restaurateur and club line of business. Nash's Club has been such an unqualified success that its cheery manager has been euphemistically described as the male prototype of the lady, the dam of so many of our peeresses, who unfortunately will not be with us for six months or so. While speaking of clubs one cannot but admire the optimism and nerve of those who, in this period of unparalleled depression, open a night club whose super luxury can be guessed at by the fact that it is as air-less as the Red Sea, as dark as the inside of Jonah's whale, and as far below the earth as one is likely to reach this side of the veil. It is small wonder that the Embassy still remains as unassailable as ever.

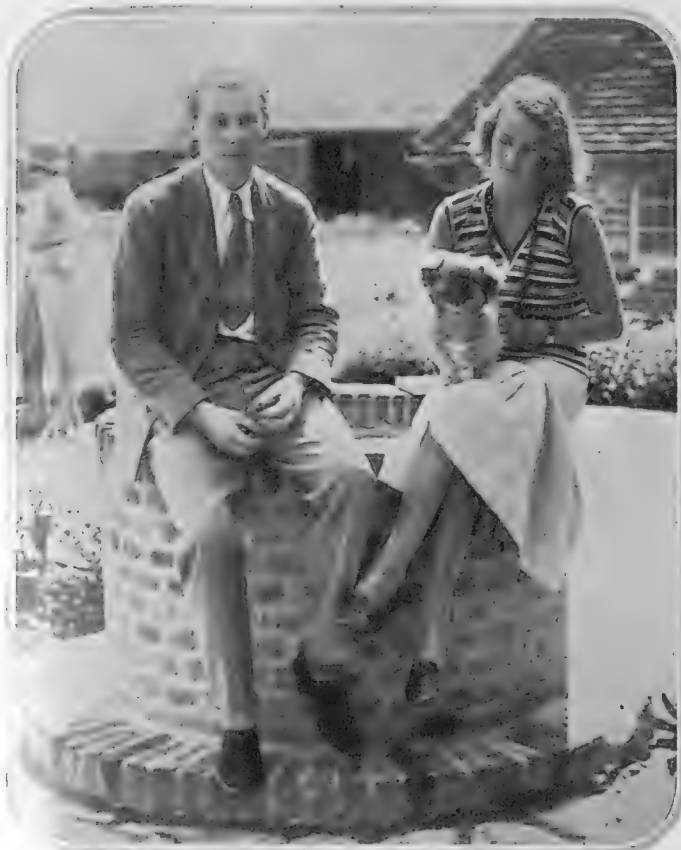


"THE TOUT" MARKS YOUR CARD!

The owner is the Aga, the horse Pomme D'Api, who has at any rate won at 1½ miles, beating The Scout II, and the jockey Mike Beary. The Aga Khan won the Derby last year with Blenheim

A SURREY HOUSE-PARTY

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kindersley's Guests



(Left) MR. AND MRS. ANTHONY JENKINSON, (right) THE HON. MRS. ERNEST GUINNESS WITH MRS. PHILIP KINDERSLEY AND GAY



MISS TISDALE AND MR. ANTHONY ACTON

An invitation to stay at Charlwood, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kindersley's Surrey home, is always accepted with alacrity, for this particular host and hostess have solved the secret of successful entertaining which is to let their guests do exactly as they like. At Whitsuntide the house party included Mrs. Kindersley's mother, the Hon. Mrs. Ernest Guinness, and her brother-in-law and sister, Lord and Lady Dufferin. Lord Dufferin is at last convalescent after his attack of paratyphoid which kept him an invalid for many weeks. Another important person present was Gay Kindersley, who had a friendly greeting for everyone. Mrs. Anthony Jenkinson is Sir James Dunn's daughter



LORD AND LADY DUFFERIN AND AVA

Photographs by Arthur Owen



MISS ELSIE HALDANE AND MR. ALEXANDER CAMPBELL-FRASER

Whose engagement has just been announced, were at Auchterarder when this picture was taken. Miss Haldane is the daughter of Sir William and Lady Haldane of Foswell, Auchterarder, Perthshire, and a niece of the late Lord Haldane. Mr. Campbell-Fraser is a son of the Rev. and Mrs. Campbell-Fraser of Rokeby Vicarage, Yorkshire

dering in the Westlands, "Highlands, Highways, and Heroes" (Grant and Son, Edinburgh), only makes me ponder this problem the more. Even if you only skim through it the illustrations alone make you itch to take immediately the train northward and to lose yourself amid such exquisite loveliness as is to be found around Loch Earn, Callander, Stirling, Glenogle, and Loch Sloy—to mention just a few of the places about which the author writes so well, and with that interest which arouses interest in others because it is born of love. All the places visited can moreover be seen, supposing you have only a week to spare, and the joy of exploration is in your heart. Almost every step you take haunted by legend, haunted by history, haunted by the romantic glamour of the past; though it must be added that the legends, the history, and the Scottish past are somewhat drenched in blood. Still blood always plays a great part in romance, after all. Apart from all else, to enjoy this lovely part of the country one should know something of its human history, and that can be gained by reading Mr. Cuthbertson's book which tells the story of the past step by step. Consequently for those who love history and revel in natural loveliness it is certainly a Pilgrim's Way. Perhaps, recommended as a holiday, the Westlands are not for those who are only happy when they go from crowds to crowds. These, most brainless people, would find themselves lost in places which, in spite of being so lovely, are lonely—*sans* golf, *sans* tennis, *sans* expensive hotels, *sans* jabbering. But for those who possess imagination and for those in whose mind beauty conjures up something more than Greta Garbo and Blackpool illuminated, the West Highlands is a land of enchantment. An enchantment which Mr. Cuthbertson has recaptured wonderfully in his delightful and beautifully illustrated book.

An Admirable Study of the Art of Monet.

Isn't it strange how people hate to use their minds? They loathe suggestions because suggestions force them to think. They prefer something over which there can be no possible doubt whatsoever so soon as their eyes light upon it. That is why the statue of a dead celebrity must apparently always represent the outward man or woman, no matter how plain and unbeautiful they may have been. The general must always be

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

A Book of the Lovely Highlands.

A part from patriotism, apart from "keeping one's money in the country" and all that sort of thing, I often wonder why peoplespend their holidays abroad so much that is interesting, so much that is entirely different, new, and strange. Such a book as Mr. D. C. Cuthbertson's *Wandering*

modelled in a fierce attitude as if he were about to charge the massed omnibuses in Piccadilly, the lovely actress must always look like the illustration on a chocolate box, the painting of a cottage garden must always resemble a needlework picture, and an artist can exist only by making beautiful portraits of extremely uninteresting people. The reason why every new development, every new phase of existence is always unpopular at first is because it forces men and women to use their brains, view old things from a new stand-point, readjust their sense of values. Everything, in fact, which the majority loathe most of all to do. This is especially true of art and music since you can't experiment with literature, words being an inevitable limitation. Art and music, however, bringing as they do two messages—one translatable, the other beyond translation—offer wider revolutionary scope. The art of Claude Monet, for example, is revolutionary no longer, simply because we understand now the dual message which his pictures bring. The message of something lovely, and that curious unheard music which is indescribable beauty, an emotion impossible to put into words. In Lady Lathom's admirable study, "Claude Monet" (Philip Allan, 15s.), she traces the extraordinary opposition which the artist had to encounter before, so to speak, the world recognized that he was bringing a new and more subtle vision to the world of art. She does not give us any minute character-study of the man himself, or at best, a very brief one, but of his work she gives a very interesting account. The artist, in whom love of Nature was a passion, was among the first to realize that loveliness is more a mental than a physical concept, and that beauty has a meaning which no mere faithful reproduction of detail can capture. Monet belongs, of course, to the Impressionist school of art—one of its supreme exponents. Yet the name Impressionist is all wrong, except as a sop thrown out to the thoughtless, a label by which those may identify his style who are not happy unless a label has been found for everything. His art was more profound than such a description would imply. His pictures are more than an impression of things seen, they are impressions of things *thought*, of emotions which spring from that marvellous combination of light and shade by which Nature is forever painting pictures, painting them and obliterating them on the instant. Not for a long time have I read a book written around the work of an artist which better explained the meaning of his art, the ideals which drove him on and on to seek a more complete realization of that "psychic" beauty which lies in the loveliness of Nature's pageantry as it is felt by many, but can be expressed by few. But which Art can capture, and also, strange as it may appear, music can also translate.

A Clever Story of Modern "Manners."

The best thing that can be said for Victorian morals is that they did at least keep the amateur harlot in her proper place—among harlots. She was not allowed to rampage amid matrimonial ventures and still retain a social position, carrying with her the children of several different gentlemen unto the last of the procession of her husbands. In Mr. Edward Holstius's very clever new novel, "Pitiless Youth" (Bles, 7s. 6d.), there is a



MISS SYBIL CRAWLEY

A British singer who is rapidly coming to the fore is the possessor of a beautiful lyric soprano voice. She made her debut at Covent Garden in "The Magic Flute"

(Continued on p. 422)

CORKED! By George Belcher, A.R.A.



"She called me all the names she could think of, but I 'ad me answer ready; I sez no I 'aint, I sez"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

brilliant character-study of a type of young woman who "goes down very well" in these days, but who in the days of Victoria and Albert would have been deliberately labelled, and thus known to all by her description. She was young, she was pretty, she was "smart." Unknown to the devoted and idealistic young man she married, she had had several lovers before she fell for him, and at least one after she had become his wife. She spent her husband's money lavishly and so earned a certain popularity. Her parties were assembled without prejudice, which made them quite amusing. Her husband adored her. Nevertheless, she was entirely brainless as well as heartless. But, of course, the male sex-idealist always makes the very poorest "fish." Anyone can successfully "fry" him; especially the more worthless female. And yet, after being deceived by his wife in all directions, almost brought to financial ruin by her extravagance, and eventually deserted to rejoin an old lover, just when, had she possessed a modicum of decency, she would have remained by his side, her husband voluntarily provided her with evidence to divorce him in order that at least her reputation might be saved. I suppose men like that make women like that—which is extremely fortunate for a certain type of woman. But oh! what a perverted sense of chivalry! And yet the real cleverness of this very cleverly written novel lies not so much in the married life of Hugh and Barbara as in Hugh's father, "Old Christopher," and the big business which eventually ruined and killed him—simply because he was the one honest man among rogues. The rogues, of course, survived. There is a description of a board meeting during which an obscure shareholder exposes a chairman whom all the other shareholders were cheering because for that year at least, they were being provided with satisfactory dividends, which is quite the best thing of its kind I have ever read. Indeed, the drama of the story lies in its business side and, "shady" as this business side is, it has far more human interest than the problem of women such as Barbara—whose problem, after all, a good clubbing on the head would have solved quite happily for everyone. Nevertheless, taken as a whole the novel provides an admirable picture of modern post-War life—with its change in moral values, its restlessness, its shallowness, its lack of any definite purpose except to amuse itself and to make money. This, too, combined with the remnants of old pre-War conduct and ideals, afford a clash of contrasts which alone provides a realistic story of modern life with real drama at every turn. This clash is brilliantly brought out in "Pitiless Youth" and make it so well worth reading that to miss it would be to miss one of the few recent novels which really are worth while. But if you want a nice, comfortable, cosy kind of story, don't expect to find it here. It isn't any of these things, but it is nevertheless very, very close to a definite side of modern existence as it is lived by the (happily) few.

A Queer, Unsatisfactory Tale.

The main theme of Mr. Alan Miller's novel, "The King of Men" (Nash and Grayson. 7s. 6d.), is that of a scientific discovery which lets loose a disease upon the world which first of all exterminates all sexual desire and then, if the patient is by nature inclined that way, kills him, or her, off almost at once. The world becomes simply dreadfully pure, and the Government is quite worried about it. Especially as the scientist who let the disease loose is dead, and his young French assistant is reluctant to explain the cure through loyalty to his defunct chief, who seemingly wanted the world to purify itself to extinction. However, the Government bring pressure to bear upon him; desire returns to the world, and into the life of one, Bruce Playton, returns his former secretary who had "loved him all along." The story is queer, but not very satisfactory. It is rather too superficially written. A quaintly novel idea, but badly worked out.

* * *
Rather Disappointing.

It is curious that Miss F. Tennyson Jesse, who can write the stories of real crimes so well, making them psychologically so interesting, can apparently not write the story of an imaginary crime in a way which places such stories anywhere near the first rank. Her new book, "Solange Stories" (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), disappointed me a little from first to last. Her foreword is the best thing in the book. So far as thrills and shivers are concerned, each tale begins at a disadvantage. The girl detective, whose experiences form the plot of each story, is blessed by a mysterious gift which enables her to sense evil in a person and his or her surroundings before she has been able to discover that really they are not the quiet, respectable, attractive people which they appear. This gift makes everything far too easy for excitement. I did think at one moment, however, that I was

going to be thrilled in a story called "Lot's Wife," but hope evaporated when Solange guessed at once that within the concrete pillar, which because it had been mixed with sea-sand would never dry, was the body of Martin's first wife. It was all too easy. On the whole, the best story of all, in my opinion, is one called "The Canary," wherein the death of a nasty old gentleman from an overdose of poison casts grave suspicions on his young wife. The stories fail to make the blood run cold, and without this pleasantly-unpleasant physical phenomenon a story of crime loses much. Therefore I shall still continue to read Miss Tennyson Jesse's "Murder and its Motives" if I want to find her at her "criminological" best.

UNPRECEDENTED DEMAND

"SOUL'S DARK COTTAGE" (6s.)

BY RICHARD KING

Order Now

Hodder and Stoughton.



Wife: Those film actors don't always do those wonderful tricks. I'm told they have a double.

Husband: I don't blame them. I'm going to have one myself in a few minutes!

"THE OLD MAN," AT WYNDHAM'S



MISS MAISIE GAY AND MR. ARTHUR STRATTON (MRS. HARRIS AND CHARLES)—ALSO A BOTTLE



MISS FRANCES DOBLE (LADY ARRANWAYS)



MISS FRANCES DOBLE AND MR. JACK MELFORD (KEITH KELLER—A MURKY VILLAIN)

Mr. Edgar Wallace, forsaking gunmen and Ringers, but still sticking to his criminals, has broken a little bit of new ground in this little story of wickedness and a spot or two of virtue in a higher life than that which usually he patronizes. Boy (Mr. Jack Melford) and Bill (Mr. Alfred Drayton) have both been crooks somewhere in Australia, and Boy remains bad, even when he comes to England and entices the lovely Lady Arranways into his bed-room at an hour when she ought by rights to have been in her lord's. Bill, however, is more or less reformed—rescues the lady when the house catches fire, and tells a story that covers up her adventure. For the rest of the thrilling detail, the best advice is—go and see it at Wyndham's

Photographs by Stage Photo Co.



MR. ALFRED DRAYTON (JOHN LORNEY) AND MISS FRANCES DOBLE

AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

Airshops.

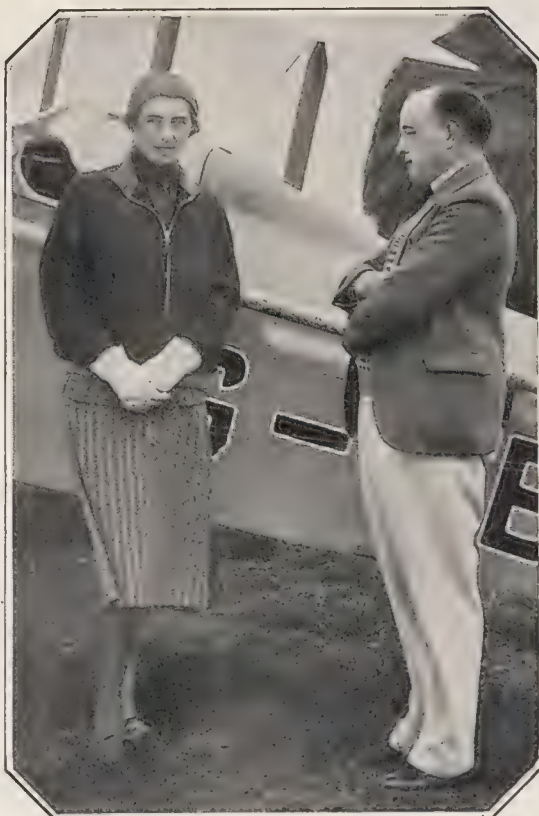
AERONAUTICS can now be bought over the counter or at the bar, by the yard or by the pint, according to the way you prefer, for National Flying Services' new shop in Northumberland Avenue is open. The Hon. Mrs. Forbes-Sempill performed the opening ceremony, and everything from chocks to whole aeroplanes can be bought within sight of two monuments, one to national supremacy at sea, the other to national ineptitude on land: the Nelson Column and the Trafalgar Square roundabout.

It might be argued that the Nelson Column is in some sense a monument to aviation. No one but a person truly interested in flying would make a statue of a man and then place it on a Corinthian column 145 ft. high, where it is impossible to see it. But it would be unwise to press this point lest those who spend their time seeing that other people conduct themselves according to the letter of the law, should take it into their heads to report Nelson to the Air Ministry for low flying. He does not seem to be "at such altitude as will enable him to land outside the city or town should his means of propulsion fail through mechanical breakdown or other cause."

There is much need for air-shops in the cities, for it is the man-in-the-street rather than the man-on-the-aerodrome to whose notice the pleasures of flying should be brought. The person who goes to an aerodrome is already half converted to the cause of flying; the man who is threading his way through Trafalgar Square may not be. So the N.F.S. shop will help to turn the man-in-the-Square into the man-in-the-air. Everyone who passes it will be reminded of aeronautics; suggestion will be brought into play, and suggestion, as those who deal in modern methods of advertising know, can become irresistible.

Although the N.F.S. shop may be, as it is claimed, the first wholly devoted to aeronautics, it is not to be forgotten that one of the largest stores in London has for long been selling aviation. At Selfridges, where Mr. Christopher Clarkson is in charge of the aviation department, every kind of aircraft and accessory may be bought.

This company has recently printed in pamphlet form a series of articles by the



MRS. GORDON VEREKER AND MR. C. F. LEES AT MARKET HARBOROUGH

Mrs. Vereker, who is the wife of Captain Gordon Vereker, flew to Cole Hill, near Market Harborough, in her own plane to spend the week-end with her mother, Mrs. Mulliner of Clifton Court, Rugby. Mr. Lees is also an air-minded person and a keen private flyer

ubiquitous, anonymous and anfractu-ously persuasive "Callisthenes" and is distributing them to those interested. "Callisthenes," I was glad to notice, does not make the mistake so many propagandists make, when they try to persuade people to fly, of over-stating the case.

Redwing Developments.

Redwings are zooming. At last the initial inertia of the British flying world, which curiously enough is considerable, has been overcome, and the Redwing, on sheer merit, is becoming more and more popular. The plant at Croydon is now running on the production basis of one aeroplane a week, and by June it will be running on the production basis of two aeroplanes a week.

The Redwing is one of those essentially practical machines made for everyday use, and not only for a few special flights in selected weather. Its performance with the Genet Major engine is extremely good, and its handling qualities are remarkable.

The Genet Major is one of the Armstrong-Siddeley range of engines. They go through the Coventry works side-by-side with the cars, and the larger aero engines of the types that Imperial Airways have found give such good service. The Armstrong-Siddeley works are run on modernist lines and are equipped with some special machine tools which are masterpieces of ingenuity and design. Those private aeroplane-owners who use Genet engines would have the con-

fidence which the running of these engines inspired increased still further if they saw the amazing care and thoroughness with which they are built. It is true to say that nothing is omitted which is likely to assist in the constant striving after perfection.



THE PILOTS OF NO. 101 SQUADRON, R.A.F.

A group taken recently at Andover. The names, reading from left to right, are: Flying Officer R. Beaton (Adj.), Flight Lieut. A. D. Rogers, A.F.C. (O.C. "B" Flight), Flight-Lieut. H. J. Collins (O.C. "A" Flight), Squadron-Leader F. H. Coleman, D.S.O. (O.C. Sqd.), Flying-Officer D. Carr, Pilot-Officer R. B. Whittingham, Pilot-Officer E. G. Reed, Flying-Officer H. L. Smith, Pilot-Officer Hon. F. D. Lea-Smith, Flying-Officer D. W. Smythe, Flying-Officer F. C. Edney-Hayter, Flying-Officer J. G. Elton, Pilot-Sgt. R. Middleton, Pilot-Sgt. L. Carter, Pilot-Sgt. W. Lasne, Pilot-Sgt. W. Evans, Pilot-Sgt. W. Methuen, Pilot-Sgt. S. Rickard

Another Aero Club.

Rugby, I hear, is to have its aero club, and the probability is that the aerodrome will be Cole Hill, about eight miles from Market Harborough, a landing ground which is already known to a number of people. According to my list Rugby will be the fifty-third aero club in Great Britain though some are still in the early stages, and are not yet operating aircraft.

Gliding also seems to be

(Continued on p. 22)



ELOQUENCE—OR THE COUNSEL WHO KNEW HIS JOB

By Patrick Bellew



STYLE 8898 Attractive Grecian cut Court Shoe in Blue, Green, Red, Tan and Hazel Glacé Kid, also in Patent. Smart Louis Heel.

Priced at 25/- pair.



STYLE 8713 A new Medium Louis Heel Court Shoe with smart Python Bow on side of vamp. In Blue, Tan and Hazel Glacé Kid.

Priced at 18/9 pair.



STYLE 8751 Glacé Kid Ankle Bar Shoe with centre Buckle and Real Lizard trimming. In Blue, Green, Tan and Hazel. Also in Patent.

Priced at 22/6 pair.



STYLE 8677 Two coloured Willow Calf Derby Sports Shoe. Finest Quality. Leather Cuban Heel.

Priced at 22/6 pair.



STYLE 1610 A new model Golf Shoe in two toned Tan Willow Calf. "Royal and Ancient" Rubber Sole.

Priced at 21/- pair.



STYLE 8726 Smart Bow Court Shoe on extra High Louis Heel. In Blue, Green, Tan and Hazel Glacé Kid.

Priced at 22/6 pair.

You will find a DOLCIS SHOE SALON almost anywhere in London—Piccadilly Circus, New Bond Street, Oxford Street, etc., etc.; also at Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, and all large towns and cities throughout the United Kingdom.
ORDERS BY POST.—These should be addressed to Headquarters: Dolcis Shoe Co., Dolcis House, Great Dover Street, London, S.E.1.
Post Free on request, "The Fashion Shoe," a complete 'guide to shoe style.



AT TYLNEY HALL, HAMPSHIRE

LADY CAYZER (also inset) AND HER CHILDREN

The children are Robin, the elder son and heir, Pamela, Molly, and Tony, and this charming group was taken at Sir Herbert Cayzer's seat at Rotherwick, Hampshire, Tylney Court. Lady Cayzer, who was married in 1911, was Miss Freda Rathborne, and is a daughter of the late Colonel William Hans Rathborne, R.E. Sir Herbert Cayzer, who is vice-chairman of the Clan Line amongst his other activities, was Master of the Garth for four seasons, 1922-26, and was succeeded by Mr. Chinnock and Lord Dorchester, who carried on for two seasons. In the War Sir Herbert Cayzer commanded the 24th Division Mounted Troops in France, and was mentioned in despatches. He is Conservative Member for South Portsmouth



Photographs by Miss Compton Collier, West End Lane



MLLE. HELLA KURTY, WHO HAS CAPTURED DRURY LANE

The beautiful young singer and dancer from Vienna, who has had such a signal success this season in "The Land of Smiles" at Drury Lane. Her first-night success was acclaimed by all the critics. She is the daughter of one of the directors of the German Reich's Bank, and is said to have signed a contract to go to Hollywood for three years at a progressive salary of £3,000, £4,000, and £5,000 per annum. Mlle. Kurty was originally an understudy at the Johann Strauss Theatre in Berlin, and fame came to her in a night, when she was called to play the leading part at four hours' notice.

IT'S really rather jolly to be out-and-about again, Très Cher, even if it is only a ticket-of-leave and on-parole sort of liberty! The "DON'TS" that my surgeon and doctors and nurses dinned into my ears as I bade them a tender farewell and shook the sterilized dust of the clinic from my crêpe soles would fill these columns! Trouble is that I feel in my bones (to say nothing of my scars) that I shall have to obey them . . . for a while, at all events. Mustn't grumble, I suppose. Compared to what *might* have been I got off lightly. Can't say as much for the car! When I rang up the garage on my return home they were most discouraging; apparently the only object that has survived is the new tyre on one of the spares! Perhaps it is just as well that I have promised not to look a steering-wheel in the eye for at least another six weeks. Ah well!

They let me out in the nick of time to celebrate Empire Day by going to the dinner (followed by a dance) that is annually subscribed to for the benefit of the British Legion in Paris. It was held at the Cercle Militaire, and that dear, stuffy old club was made bright and beautiful with flowers and greenery-in-pots for the auspicious occasion. Amongst the guests were His Excellency Lord Tyrrell, with his daughter, Mrs. Adrian Holman, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Clarke, General Gouraud, whose short, delightful speech was greeted with tremendous enthusiasm, the Baronne de la Grange, who is known in popular language as "the little mother of the British soldier in France," and whose interest in the men of the British Army has never wavered since the terrible days of the German invasion. During the worst months of the War she remained in her château in the invaded district and opened her hospitable doors widely to all soldiers of the Allies but most particularly to those of Great Britain, since British troops occupied the neighbourhood.



MADAME FRANÇOISE ROSAY

The beautiful wife of the well-known film producer, Jacques Feyder. Madame Rosay is playing in a Franco-Hollywood film called "If the Emperor Knew"

Mr. Gillet, the Overseas Trade Secretary, spoke on the Empire and—bless him—was inclined to be optimistic (so refreshing in these glum days) even about Unemployment. He tried to look on the bright side of things and cheer us up with his kindly hopes for the future. He told us that very few people at home or abroad know that we hold the record for speed on the sea, in the air, and by land, and exhorted us to get rid of our temporary national inferiority complex. It is only when the British Colony meets together at such an utterly British party that its size in Paris is realized. Over one hundred and fifty people sat down to dinner, and at least twice as many came to the dance. Yet this represented but a very small portion of the colony which has numerous outposts, and does not include the many people who are British, living in Paris, and who have nothing whatever to do with the colony.

Have you heard the very moving story of the elderly dramatist, Laurent Doillet, who died a few days ago on the eve of the first performance of his comedy, *Bourrachow*, which was produced at the Théâtre Antoine. He belonged to the well-to-do bourgeois class, but he had always longed to be a successful author. He was already middle-aged when his first novel found an editor, and older yet when his first play, a curtain-raiser in one act, was played in the provinces. *Bourrachow* was written over twenty years ago; several managers promised to produce it, various actors at the time—Max Dearly and Louvigny amongst them—were attracted by the leading rôle . . . and yet nothing came of their promises or efforts.

Then, suddenly, on his seventy-first birthday Laurent Doillet is faced with two unexpected facts . . . his doctor informs him that he must undergo a serious operation, and René Rocher tells him he has decided to produce his play

(Continued on p. xxiv)



THE EX-QUEEN ELIZABETH OF GREECE

The latest portraits of the beautiful wife of the ex-King George of Greece, who lost his throne in 1924. From 1909 onwards Greece has had rapid changes of Government, and revolutions have happened in 1909, 1916, and 1917, when the late King Constantine, father of King George, was forced to abdicate in favour of his son, Alexander, and returned to the throne in 1920, only to abdicate again in 1922, in favour of his son, George. King Constantine died in 1923. The Greek Republic was proclaimed in 1924. Ex-Queen Elizabeth is a daughter of Queen Marie of Roumania, and has inherited a great deal of her mother's artistic taste. She is a great grand-daughter of Queen Victoria. She and her husband make their home in Bucharest, but usually spend about half the year in England



Eva Barrett, Rome

THE SPORT OF THINGS



AND SO TO THE SALISBURY MEETING: PRINCE ALI KHAN (right) AND J. BEARY



ALEC TAYLOR AND CAPTAIN AND MISS FORESTER AT SALISBURY RACES



READY FOR THE STEWARDS' PLATE: SIR HUGH NUGENT AND MR. ALEC COTTRILL



AT MARKET RASEN: MRS. W. F. RANSOM LEADING IN HER HUSBAND'S FITAURARI (MR. T. BAYLEY UP). THE OWNER IS ON THE RIGHT

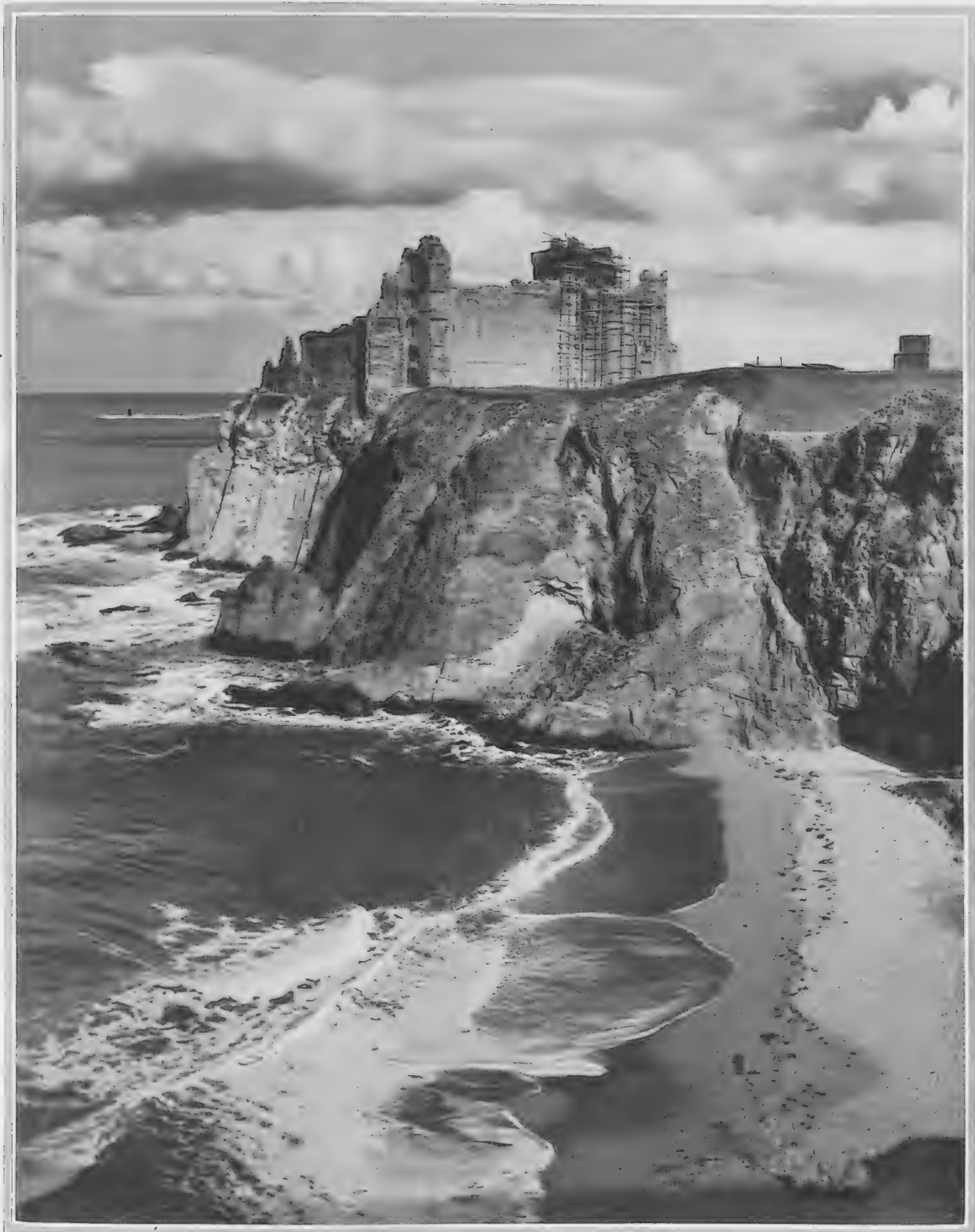


LADY MAUREEN BRABAZON FISHING ON THE MAIGUE IN CO. LIMERICK

Fine weather attended the opening of the two-day Salisbury Meeting, and the going was first-rate. In the Stewards' Plate, a mile race for amateur riders, Mr. Alec Cottrill, son of the well-known trainer, was expected to win on his father's Denison, but could only secure third place. Sir Hugh Nugent and Prince Ali Khan also had a ride in this event, and the Aga Khan's son had a runner in the Salisbury Stakes. Mr. Alec Taylor, who achieved such fame as the "Manton Wizard," retired from training activities some three years ago. Captain Frank Forester, a popular Master of the Quorn for thirteen seasons, lives at Hurdcott House, near Salisbury. His Joy for Ever ran in the Wiltshire Plate. At Market Rasen 'Chases Mr. F. W. Ransom's Fitaaurari, ridden by his brother-in-law, won the De Aston National Hunt Flat Race. Mr. Bayley and Mrs. Ransom are the son and daughter of Sir Dennis Readett-Bayley. Lady Maureen Brabazon, Lord and Lady Meath's elder daughter, has lately been fishing the Maigue from Adare Manor, the Irish home of her grandfather, Lord Dunraven

Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,
And held impregnable in war.

—SCOTT: "Marmion."



HISTORIC TANTALLON CASTLE

Balmuir

A new view of the fortress famous in song and legend and which stands on the rugged East Lothian coast facing the Bass Rock at the mouth of the Forth. In 1924 the Ancient Monuments Board took over Tantallon and commenced repair and renovation work. Tantallon's actual date is not certain, but 1371 is a definite record when the Douglasses occupied it and finally lost it to the Earl of Angus in the fifteenth century

THE PASSING SHOWS

"Payment Deferred"
at the
St. James' Theatre



THE MURDERER, HIS BILLS, HIS WIFE, AND
HIS DAUGHTER

Miss Louise Hampton (Mrs. Marble), Mr. Charles Laughton (William Marble), and Miss Elsa Lanchester (Winnie with pigtails). Marble cyanides a wealthy nephew's whisky and soda, plants the body in the garden after going through it very thoroughly, and is then hanged for the alleged murder of his poor wife, who commits suicide when she finds out how her William has been carrying on with a French dressmaker (Miss Jeanne de Casalis)

Wanted, by a dramatic critic of an enquiring but unscientific turn of mind—a cheap standard work on Poisons, with special reference to their effect on the palate when dropped by stagmurderers into various forms of liquid refreshment. "This coffee tastes bitter," remarks the curmudgeonly inventor in Mrs. Agatha Christie's

Black Coffee, and proceeds, after a series of short gasps, to die in his chair under cover of darkness. That was hyoscine, that was.

In *Payment Deferred*, which Jeffrey Dell has adapted from the novel by C. S. Forester, the victim is a young man from Australia, the drink whisky, faintly diluted with water, and the fatal ingredient cyanide of potassium. Whether the youthful stranger had any complaints to make about the taste of his whisky, how long he remained alive afterwards, and how painfully or painlessly he died, is not disclosed. The curtain falls on Mr. Marble, bank clerk (though you would never guess it from his appearance—he looks more like a retired pork butcher), exchanging toasts with his nephew from the Antipodes, and our imagination is left to fill in the details. Great stuff, this cyanide, but one gathers that it has one disadvantage—a tendency to impart to the corpse's features the ruddy glow of health. So that if a workman or a new tenant happened to be digging up the back garden . . .

Mr. Marble, as he sat at 'the window, staring out guiltily at his cabbage-patch, a large tome of poison literature on his knee, must often have wished that his knowledge of the foreign exchanges had been commensurate with his skill as a poisoner. A Borgia, in similar circumstances, would have been at pains to reject anything in the nature of a preservative when the occasion called loudly for a swift corrosive. But Mr. Marble was not a Borgia nor even a chemist, but a clerk in the Foreign Exchange department of one of the Big Banks who happened to be an amateur photographer and desperately hard up. Mrs. Marble, the loyal, simple, and thrifty soul, had done her uncomplaining best with the house-keeping money, but the tradesmen were restive and the grocer positively truculent. At any moment the bailiffs might walk in at his behest and their arrival would coincide with Mr. Marble's departure from the bank after, and in spite of, twenty years' service. His fellow clerks had all been tapped at some time or another, so nothing could be done by way of a loan in that quarter. The situation was not only desperate; it had a particular irony. Mr. Marble was at that very moment in possession of one of those pieces of inside information which occasionally came the way of his job. French francs were in for a sharp and certain rise. Anyone who bought at once would make a fortune. It was money for jam.

How often has the rich uncle from Australia been precipitated into farce and musical comedy at the crucial moment! Never mind. Coincidence has long arms and is entitled to use them. This time it is the rich nephew, though why he elected to descend unheralded, like a bolt from the blue, on Dulwich and his only earthly relative at that hour of night is something of a mystery. Possibly the mind of one accustomed to mingle freely with kangaroos and ignorant of the status of the Carlton did not turn readily to such amenities as the pillar-box or the telegraph office. Anyway the nephew is only important as a peg on which to hang Mr. Charles Laughton's remorseless portrait of a murderer rivetted to the scene of his crime. It is a gruesome thought, that patch of sooty shrubs and unprolific earth where the victim lies buried, calling for constant watch and ward, so hypnotizing and haunting the guilty guardian of its dark secret that he must be for ever staring at it through the window, listening for every knock on the door, waiting, thinking, remembering. Never may he go

away for a holiday; never may painter or plasterer set foot in the house, though the shabby walls are out of keeping with the newly-bought gilt furniture; never can his wife's dream of a little home in the country be fulfilled.

As the sordid, realistic story of Marble's ill-gotten gains unfolds—he made £30,000 with the aid of French francs and the stolen wallet and then threw up his job—Mr. Laughton piles on the agony with that uncanny skill which has made him the undisputed master of the morbid and the macabre. From our first glimpse of him, bullying his wife over the family budget, gulping down the whisky he can ill afford, snapping at his daughter over her homework, the air of the drab suburban sitting-room is charged with foreboding. The slouching gait, the cruel glint of the shifty eyes, the sneering, fleshly lips—the whole set and sense of the man radiate repugnance. Mr. Laughton, settling himself deeper and deeper into the skin of a part born into the Chamber of Horrors, sees to it that our revulsion grows deeper as the character takes shape. The scene with the victim before the murder is done with fiendish subtlety; the forced, staccato pleasantries, the meanness over the scant remains of the whisky bottle, the quickening interest behind the conventional inquiries, the well-filled note-case



THE BLACK-MAILER (MISS JEANNE DE CASALIS) HARD AT WORK ON WILLIAM MARBLE

The lady from the hat shop round the corner who bleeds the unfaithful William more or less white

and the sudden solution it offers, the mechanical process of trying persuasion first—these molehills in Mr. Laughton's hands become mountains of unpleasant significance. Even more suggestively repellent is the picture of Mr. Marble in the frowzy aftermath of an afternoon's dalliance with Madame Collins, the French dressmaker from round the corner, while his daughter, now promoted to a school in Paris, and her mother are sampling the luxury of hotel life in Bournemouth. Mr. Laughton's thoroughness makes every disordered detail almost photographic in its eloquence, and when the moment comes for him to burst into vociferous ravings or shake his sagging body with gibbering hysterics he lets the house have it straight in the waist-belt. The effect of the loud pedal on the upper circle was unmistakable; yet my own marrow froze more readily when the drama ran its course in quieter channels. It was almost possible to feel sorry for Mr. Marble by the time his daughter had gone to the bad, his wife lay ill upstairs, and his black-mailing mistress had extracted a final cheque for £500.

Mr. Laughton's flesh-creeping, mesmeric, and altogether admirable performance having extracted its toll of space and superlatives, it remains to take farewell of him for the second time as a stage criminal unlucky enough to be led away to the death-cell for a crime he did not commit. A jury, we learn from the prologue and epilogue, found him guilty of poisoning his wife, whereas that long-suffering woman, rising miraculously from a bed of sickness, helped herself to the cyanide, on discovering the French dress-maker, whom Miss Jeanne de Casalis plays with great gusto and discretion, sprawling round her William's neck.

Miss Elsa Lanchester's contrasts between the gawky, pig-tailed flapper of Act I and the sophisticated rebel, striving to reconcile her parents with new friends and a Paris education, is a clever character study. Mr. Ernest Jay is amusingly authentic as the neighbourly Nosey-Parkerish house-agent's clerk whose part in the trial filled him with ghoulish pride. His opinion that Marble's crime was attributable to a nagging wife gives a touch of irony to the rather clumsy prologue. The agent is showing Marble's empty house to a prospective tenant, a middle-class, middle-aged, mild-mannered citizen, whom one would

never suspect of a morbid desire to occupy the same quarters as a notorious killer. He did not look the type that stands outside a prison at eight o'clock in the morning, seeing nothing, but imagining everything of the hangman's harlequinade. But there is no accounting for human nature, and it may be that the public appetite for a real "front page" crime is above all class distinctions.

Miss Louise Hampton, as the loyal, trusting wife, gives a quiet, moving performance of outstanding brilliance. It would be difficult to find a piece of acting more supremely natural and true to life or more haunting in its muted pathos. Miss Hampton is a consummate artist whose sincerity and restraint

indicate tremendous reserves of emotional power. Her discovery of the crime—the sudden dawning of the truth, her silent challenge and the equally silent acceptance of guilt—is the tensest moment of the play. *Payment Deferred*, is worth seeing on her account alone, quite apart from its realistic punch as a thriller, and Mr. Laughton's powers of animal magnetism and repulsion. "TRINCULO."



MR. ERNEST JAY AS CHARLIE HAMMOND

The house-agent's clerk is Marble's friend and neighbour and, later, principal witness for the Crown in the wife-murder charge of which the ex-bank clerk is innocent



MR. PAUL LONGUET AS JIM MEDLAND

The rich nephew from Australia, whom Mr. Marble disposes of after a brief acquaintance. Although the murderer swings for a crime he did not commit, justice, on the whole, is satisfied

WORTH NOTING ON THE KNAVESMIRE

Social Support for York Races



H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY COUNTESS OF
HAREWOOD WITH LADY HILLINGDON



LORD CHESTERFIELD CONFERRING
WITH LORD AND LADY DURHAM



MAJOR THE HON. EDWARD LASCELLES
AND HIS WIFE IN THE PADDOCK



LADY CHESTERFIELD AND LIEUT.-GEN.
THE HON. SIR F. GATHORNE-HARDY



THREE AT A SITTING: MRS. EDWARD VYNER,
MRS. R. THOMAS (centre) AND MRS. STIRLING



LORD AND LADY WHARNCLIFFE
GOING TO LOOK AT THE HORSES

The York meetings have a reputation for providing good entertainment, and house-parties from far and near congregate daily on the Knavesmire during race week. Princess Mary and Lord Harewood were there all three days, and everyone regretted that Alcester failed in his gallant effort to create a record in the Flying Dutchman Handicap for his popular owner. Lady Hillingdon ran Melodrama in the Craven Handicap, but without success. Lord and Lady Chesterfield had only a short distance to come from Beningbrough, and Major the Hon. Edward and Mrs. Lascelles, Lord and Lady Wharncliffe, and Mrs. Edward Vyner are further notable Yorkshire personalities. Lady Durham was Miss Hermione Bullough before her marriage three months ago, and Sir Francis Gathorne-Hardy is Lord Derby's brother-in-law



COQUETTE

By A. E. Bestall

"THE TOUT'S" TIP FOR "A Fox for an 'undred! A Fox for a mill"



FREDDIE FOX

GORDON RICHARDS

Everyone has his own ideas about the Derby, and "The Tout" thinks we ought to follow Freddie Fox, who will ride Cameronian, for a comfortable win. There was, however, another colt in the race called Goyescas, who lost anything from six to eight lengths at the hands of Cameronian or Lemnarchus. If the Aga has his first jockey on Pomme d'Api he also may be somewhere.

A limited number of specially printed and mounted copies of the above picture can be obtained from the office.

FOR THE DERBY, 1931

lion! A Fox for 'alf the National Debt!"



JOE CHILDS

TOMMY WESTON MICHAEL BEARY HARRY BEASLEY J. DINES

n. He rode Lemnarchus in the Guineas and was hardly in sight of the finish, and Joe Childs rode Cameronian and had a gate, and then was beaten two lengths, and there was another called Orpen, and both of them are better bred to stay than in a picture like this. It is quite possible that the Derby may not be a two-horse match after all

ces of this paper at the price of 10s. 6d. each; signed artist's proofs at 20s. each; postage, 6d. extra



'Tis the voice
of the Lobster,

I heard him declare,
 "I am ready for dinner, if Guinness is there."
 As a duck demands peas, so a lobster appeals
 For a Guinness at dinner and other such meals.
 It brings out the flavour, the epicures say,
 (And who should know more about flavour
 than they?)

A lobster's a good thing, but do not forget a Lobster with Guinness is twenty times better.

GUINNESS

and LOBSTER

"TRILBY" AND OTHERS FILMED



SVENGALI—JOHN BARRYMORE



SVENGALI
AND TRILBY
(MARIAN
MARSH)



LEARNING THEIR PARTS: WYNNE GIBSON AND JUNE
McCLOY—AND THE DIRECTOR



TALLULAH BANKHEAD IN "THE TARNISHED LADY"

The late George Du Maurier's famous novel, "Trilby," will soon be seen by Londoners at a West-end cinema, as it is John Barrymore's latest talkie for Warner Brothers. As his Trilby he has a seventeen-year-old ingénue, a new-comer who, it is said, has entirely realized the high expectations entertained about her. Those of us who are old enough to remember the late Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree's Svengali at the Haymarket in 1895 with Miss Dorothea Baird as the original Trilby, will no doubt be tremendously interested. The advance reports tell us that John Barrymore makes a marvellous Svengali, but he will have to be super-excellent to out-rival the original. It was one of Tree's greatest creations, and the play ran for 260 performances at the Haymarket. Little Wynne Gibson and June McCloy, two Paramount recruits, are seen being rehearsed, and Tallulah Bankhead, as most people know, has made good in "The Tarnished Lady," in which Clive Brook is her opposite number

WHO WENT WHERE FOR WHITSUN

BRIG.-GENERAL ROBERT McCALMONT, MR. DAVID BARING,
AND SIR PHILIP HUNLOKE ASHORE AT COWESVICE-ADMIRAL BOYLE AND HIS WIFE,
LADY FLORENCE BOYLECAPTAIN THE HON.
HENRY DENISONAT HURST PARK: MRS. J. EVANS
TALKING TO LORD ELLESMERECONCERNED WITH CONCERTO: SIR H. CUNLIFFE-
OWEN (right), HARRY WRAGG, AND CAPTAIN O. BELLMR. R. C. DAWSON, MR. ATTY PERSE,
AND CAPTAIN BOYD-ROCHFORD

Had the weather given warning of its intended graciousness on Whit Monday many more people would have gathered at Cowes for the week-end; as it was there was a far smaller attendance of yachts than usual. Members of the Royal Yacht Squadron included General McCalmont, Sir Philip Hunloke and Captain the Hon. Henry Denison, who is Lord Lonsborough's uncle. Vice-Admiral Boyle, Lord Albemarle's brother-in-law, is President of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich. At Hurst Park, where the remainder of these snapshots were taken, the chief topic of the day was the very poor showing of Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen's Concerto, trained by Captain Bell and ridden by Harry Wragg. As the result of his disappointing display the colt was taken out of the Derby on the following day. Sir Hugo only recently returned from abroad. Mr. Atty Perse, whom the camera espied with two other famous trainers, had the satisfaction of seeing one of his charges, Major McCalmont's Ojata, win the Penrhyn Cup by a head from St Oswald, with Pharian a good third. For once Lord Ellesmere had no personal interest in the day's contests. Mrs. Evans (happily remembered as Miss Camille Clifford) goes racing quite a lot and finds it a most amusing occupation.

PICTURES FROM HERE AND THERE



THE ETCETERAS CRICKET TEAM

The names, left to right, are: Back row—R. H. Priestley (Winchester and Trinity), B. O. Allen (Clifton and Caius), D. A. M. Rome (Harrow and Trinity), A. G. Pelham (Eton and King's), E. Cawston (Lancing and Pembroke), P. H. F. Mermagen (Sherborne and Pembroke), W. N. S. Hoare (Crypt School, Gloucester and Christ's); front row—H. L. Carr (Clifton and Trinity), J. E. Christopherson (Uppingham and Pembroke), G. C. A. Adams (Radley and Pembroke), J. G. Askew (Denham and Emmanuel), A. E. G. Baring (Greshams Hall and Magdalene)

R. S. Crisp

(On right) SALMON FISHING IN CORK: CAPTAIN AND MRS. ALISTAIR CAMPBELL



O'Brien



Clapherton

THE WEST LOTHIAN GIRL GUIDES' RALLY:
THE COUNTESS OF MINTO AND MRS.
JAUNCEY AT WILTON PARK, HAWICK



THE PERAMBULATORS XI

R. S. Crisp

The names, left to right, are: Back row—R. H. R. Buckston (Eton and Jesus), J. E. W. Waddington (Chigwell and Jesus), J. W. H. James (Wellington and Clare), F. J. R. Coleridge (Eton and Magdalene), D. M. Parry (Merchant Taylors' and St. Catharine's), T. H. Rowney (University College School and Christ's), H. McKinnon (Geelong and Trinity Hall); front row—R. W. Smeddle (Denham and St. Catharine's), H. H. Dales (South Africa and Emmanuel), R. H. Palmer (Harrow and Pembroke), captain, W. H. Webster (Highgate and Pembroke), M. J. H. Morton (Marlborough and Pembroke)

The Perambulators v. Etceteras match was played at Cambridge for as much of three days as the spotty Whitsun weather would let it be. The Etceteras got 256 for seven declared, and the Perambulators got 32 for one and were therefore 224 behind when the sun decided to go on shining. Captain and Mrs. Alistair Campbell, whose Scottish address is Blairlogie Cottage, Menstrie, were fishing the Castle Ballyhooley river in County Cork.

Mrs. Jauncey, who is with Lady Minto, at the West Lothian Girl Guides' Rally at Wilton Park, Hawick, is the County Commissioner

Pictures in the Fire : "SABRETACHE" By

The latest defence in a murder trial: "I have never done such a thing before!" strikes a quite original note. The accused omitted to add, "... and if you let me off I'll never do it again — and if you don't let me off, of course I shan't have the chance." Murder purely as a hobby, unless you have the most astounding luck, will never be any sort of enduring success.

The picture of the Kadir Cup, which is on this page, was taken just before the final heat was slipped, and is of Captain H. M. C. A. Richards, R.A., on Manifest, the horse upon which he won the Kadir in 1930, and Captain Scott-Cockburn, 4th Hussars, on The Prawn. Captain Scott-Cockburn won the Kadir in 1924, 1925, and 1927 on the country-bred Carclew, and the same horse won it in 1926, ridden by Captain "Tich" Catto, also 4th Hussars; and Captain Head, 4th Hussars, won it in 1929 (the year of the first Hog-Hunters' Dinner in London) on Bullet Head, making a total of five 4th Hussar victories in this show—one of the hardest and roughest rides in the world on two horses, Carclew having four wins to his credit, a record for a horse which, I should think, will stand unbeaten for all time. Captain Richards disturbed the 4th Hussar sequence by winning on a horse called Centaur in 1928 and last year and this year he has won it on the horse seen in the picture, Manifest, an Australian, I hear. The Prawn, the horse Captain Scott-Cockburn rode in the final—a fast hunt with a big boar—is, I see, described as a young Australian. Captain Scott-Cockburn, they tell me, looked like winning in short order as he was well away, but Captain Richards' Manifest was the handier at the first jink, that is, when the pig was being hard pressed, and also turned quicker on the subsequent ones. Captain Richards has now equalled Captain Scott-Cockburn's fine record, and it is to be hoped that he will be able to get home and celebrate it—and perhaps get another win at next year's Hog-Hunters' Dinner, which it is proposed should be held in early June. That will give plenty of time for anyone to have a ride in it and then come home and fill a bumper or two to the winner whoever he may be. The 4th Hussars are much missed in the Kadir country, but both the 10th Hussars



THE KADIR CUP, 1931: CAPTAIN H. M. C. A. RICHARDS (WINNER), CAPTAIN SCOTTCOCKBURN, AND (ON FOOT) MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOHN SHEA

In the rear is the umpire whose name has not been sent. Captain Richards, R.A., has now equalled Captain Scott-Cockburn's (4th Hussars) record, as he won it this year, in 1930, and in 1928 (on Centaur), the last two years on Manifest, the horse he is riding in this picture. Captain Scott-Cockburn won it 1924, 1925, and 1927 on Carclew, who is country bred

not say how many started. One horse only was killed, and there was only one collar-bone, a light let-off in the casualty way, for quite often the stretcher-parties are kept very busy and the vets also are not idle, as horses get knocked about quite apart from anything that happens to them in their encounters with *sus ferox*, a bad gentleman to meet when he gets first dig. Mr. T. F. Adye, R.A., won the Heavies, and Mr. E. P. Pettit and Captain C. Peto, both 9th Lancers, were first and second in the Light. Major Marriott, R.A.V.C., was the victim of the collar-bone. In the light-weight race, three leading horses fell in the same hole, thirty yards from the winning-post. This put out Captain Barnett's Spider, Captain Atherton's Bolarum, and Captain Peto's Jack Pot. Mr. Pettit avoided the *mélée* and so won on Goldfinch. Captain Peto remounted and finished second. Everyone, of course, was delighted that General Wardrop was able to be there and present the cup to the winner at the dinner to which the hard-working elephants are usually invited. Some-one wanted to keep up this merry custom at the Hog-Hunters' Dinner we had at the Savoy, but the hotel people could not be induced to come into the idea.

There is a play absolutely sticking out for some of our clever dramatists if they did but know it, and the title is *The Draper's Dilemma*. A leading authority on female costumes, discussing the thorny problem of the "standard" woman, said:

The sizes in London are different from Manchester. Manchester women are bigger in the bust and hips; in London they are slimmer. We have been trying to get this question settled for a long time.

I am afraid that I do not quite follow. Is the idea to spoke-shave the one lot and puff out the other? It is impossible. The ones who are

(Continued on p. viii)



Truman Howell

WITH THE STAFFORDSHIRE YEOMANRY

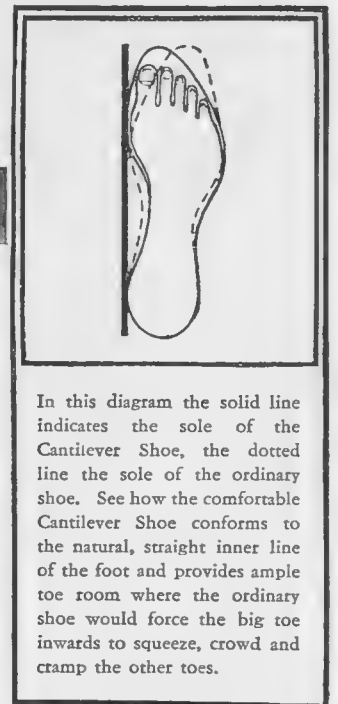
A group taken in the Staffordshire Yeomanry camp at Trentham Park, near Stoke-on-Trent. Lieut.-Colonel G. H. Anson, M.C., T.D. (Commanding Officer), Major Lord Ednam, M.C., and Colonel C. E. Howard, C.M.G., D.S.O. (Brigade Commander 6th (Midland) Cavalry Brigade), who was formerly in the 16th Lancers. Lieut.-Colonel George Anson is a former ex-Joint Master of the South Staffordshire Hounds, and is well known with the Meynell and other packs in those parts

FOR THOSE WHO MUST HAVE THEIR COMFORTS



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CL 289

Bubble and Squeak



MISS JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON, WHO IS PLAYING IN "THE TRIAL OF JEANNE D'ARC"

Lenore

The interest evinced in the revival on May 29 of Mr. Edward Garnett's "The Trial of Jeanne D'Arc" at the Arts Theatre was very definite. This year is the quincentenary of the trial, and up till now this play had enjoyed only one private performance. It differs considerably from Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan," the revival of which failed to attract at the Haymarket, in that its author makes an attempt to concentrate into a form fit for the stage the five months' proceedings of the trial. Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson is the second of Sir Johnston and Lady Forbes-Robertson's beautiful daughters

THE following story is taken from "Canny Tales About Ministers and Elders," recently published by Valentine's: The minister was anxious to inculcate the principles of liberality in the heart of his son, so he gave him a sixpence and a penny to take to church.

On the way home after the service the reverend gentleman questioned the boy:

"How much did you put in the plate to-day, Johnnie?"

"A penny," replied Johnnie.

"A penny!" exclaimed the minister. "Why did you not put in the sixpence?"

"Well, father," said Johnnie, "you told us last Sunday that the Lord loveth a cheerful giver, and I wasn't at all cheerful about putting in that sixpence."

He was new to the course and was finding the going terribly hard. "Caddie, caddie," he moaned, "this is a terrible course."

"Hoots, sir, ye left the course twenty meenits ago. Ye'r in Mrs. McDougall's rock garden now."

Said one burglar to another. "D'you know, Bill, I think I shall have to wear glasses."

"Glasses!" cried the other in surprise. "Whatever for?"

"I think my sight must be getting weak, or something. I was twirling the knob of what I thought was a safe last night and a band began to play. What I thought was a safe was a bloomin' wireless set."

The members of a golf club recently entertained the caddies to a beano. The captain of the club was perambulating the room with a large plateful of sausage rolls. He stopped

beside the most diminutive guest. "Have another?" he asked. "No," said the boy.

"No . . . what?" queried the captain, hoping to improve the manners of the boy.

"No *dammit*," responded the lad, who had had one before.

"I always have the last word with my wife," asserted Jones, proudly.

"That's funny," commented his friend. "Whenever I see you together she seems to be continually ordering you about."

"I always have the last word, though. Didn't you hear me say 'All right'?"

Two artists, who had each got a picture hung in an exhibition, were congratulating each other. "But do you know what the hanging committee have done?" said one. "They've ruined my picture by putting it next to the very worst daub in the whole show."

"Well," replied the other, "they have served me just as badly. I looked in the other day and found they had hung my picture beside a really frightful effort."

Just then a third artist joined the party. "Hullo, you fellows!" he said cheerfully. "I see they've hung your pictures side by side this year!"

A provincial touring company was playing "Faust" in the local theatre in which the stage trap-door was rather smaller than usual. It so happened that a man of ample girth was in the part of Mephistopheles, and when the time came for his disappearance he only managed to get half-way through the trap. Suddenly there came a glad cry from the gallery: "Hurrah, boys! Hell's full!"



The greatness of Elizabeth Arden's latest creation for women lies in its simplicity. Adjustable make-ups!—The more frivolous . . . the more difficult the latest fashion in frocks and colourings . . . the more subtle and intriguing Elizabeth Arden's methods of suiting women to them. • Dresses are slim . . . then be slim! The colours are trying . . . You need not care . . . The solution for every problem which may confront you is to be found in the Elizabeth Arden Salons, for her genius is ever ahead of the game . . . devising fresh beauties, and bringing with the sunshine the hope . . . nay . . . the certainty of beauty to every feminine heart

"ALL SIMPLICITY IS GREAT"

— ELIZABETH ARDEN

"What make-up shall I wear with the new colour-contrast fashions?" smart women are asking. Miss Arden has devised charming make-up ensembles for the contrast effects that are most prevalent. Here are some of them:

First the Tri-Colours

• WITH RED, WHITE AND BLUE . . . it is smart to harmonise your make-up with all three colours. Use a rather dark foundation, Rachel or Mat Foncé powder, dark Amoretta cream rouge to contrast with the white of your costume. Have your lipstick duplicate the colour of the red in your frock and your Eye-Shado repeat the blue of the dress. Black Eyelash Cosmetique is effective

• WITH RED, YELLOW AND BLACK . . . brunettes will remain rather dark-skinned, but avoid sallowness; blondes will choose a make-up with a dash of pink in it. Green Eye-Shado for both blondes and brunettes is most alluring. A lip rouge that matches the red in the costume is suggested

• WITH LIGHT GREEN, RUST AND DARK GREEN . . . a clever, new combination that is particularly charming with a tanned skin—use a dark foundation, a warm tone of rouge, and a lipstick that

echoes the red-orange tone of the rust in your ensemble. Green Eye-Shado and brown Cosmetique are suggested for both brunettes and blondes

Then the Bi-Colours

• WITH BLUE AND WHITE . . . BLACK AND WHITE . . . BROWN AND WHITE . . . your make-up accessories must harmonise with the colour nearer your face. If the white area is nearer your face, use a rather dark shade for your powder foundation . . . a warm shade for your rouge, Ardena Powder in Banana or Rachel . . . and a very vivid lipstick, preferably the new indelible "Flame"

• WITH BLUE the predominating colour of the contrast combination, wear a light foundation . . . a light shade of rouge . . . powder with a dash of pink in it, and a bright lipstick. Your Eye-Shado must repeat the blue of the dress. For eyes that are blue try finishing the lashes with light blue Cosmetique tipped with black

• WITH BROWN the principal tone of a bi-colour costume, use Rachel foundation and a rouge that will deepen the brown tone in the skin. The Banana shade of Ardena Powder blends well with brown. Use a bright lipstick . . . "Flame" is

suggested. For the eyes . . . light brown Eye-Shado and green or black Cosmetique

• WITH BLACK, a quite vivid make-up is smart. Blondes with fair skin will keep it so, using a light foundation, Ardena Powder, Light Amoretta Rouge, and a bright lipstick, preferably "Flame." Blue Eye-Shado and black Cosmetique will add interest to the eyes. Brunettes will intensify the olive tint in their skin by using a rather dark foundation, Dark Amoretta Rouge and a bright lipstick. And for the eyes, try this thrilling make-up . . . light brown Eye-Shado over the entire eyelid, green Eye-Shado over the iris of the eye, and black Cosmetique on the lashes

• Miss Arden feels confident that, with these suggestions to guide you, you will be able to create some very interesting make-up ensembles of your own to complement your new clothes

• Elizabeth Arden's Make-Up Creations are on sale at smart shops everywhere at these prices: Amoretta Cream (foundation for a dry skin) 4/6, 8/6. Creme de France (foundation for an average skin) Tube 4/6, Jar 8/6. Lille Lotion (foundation for an oily skin) 6/6, 10/6. Rouge Amoretta, 7/6, 8/6, 15/6. Ardena Powder, 12/6. Lipsticks, 6/- . Cream Eye-Shado, 4/6. Eyelash Cosmetique, 5/6

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POLO NOTES

By
"SERREFILE."

IT is a far cry at the moment to 1933 when presumably we shall endeavour yet once more to recapture that International Cup from America, and doubtless the one thing of all others of which anyone is thinking at the moment is the formation of our next International team and of how, when, and where to equip and train it; but, as was said in an earlier note in this page, I do not think that some quite remarkable articles by Brigadier-General R. L. Ricketts which were published in "The Polo Monthly" of January and February of the year received anything like the publicity which they deserved. At the moment when we are engaged upon the comfortable and peaceful pursuit of taking in one another's washing, and anyone who may venture to mention the word "International" may be voted a bore and told to go and boil himself, it may be inopportune to so much as refer to it. But as the main idea must be, as I view it, to endeavour to raise the standard of British polo, and as the International ought to be the Mecca of every player in the same way as is the honour of playing for England in other games like cricket and rugby, it seems meet and proper to me that we should hearken to any words of wisdom which anyone has to offer us. General Ricketts is such a one. I agree with everything he has said in his excellent articles, and have only one criticism to offer, and it is this: that no matter what may be the tactics we adopt we cannot hope to beat America if we train our team in England. We can lay the foundation stones here, put up the scaffolding poles, collect the materials and so forth, but the real job has got to be done in some country where the team can get uninterrupted practice on fast grounds. Otherwise the best material used by the best architect is going to be defeated. It is not fair to any team to expect it to be that which it has got to be to beat America if it is to be subjected to the risk of interrupted training. This interruption happens from various causes, but the principal one is our infernal weather. Another one is the fact that we do not keep our International team together for a sufficiently long period, and that its units are permitted to develop individualism by wandering off into divers other teams, which can only be called "scratch" organizations, to play in the numerous tournaments which happen during the polo season in England. With the preface that we have got to make up our minds to send our team out of England early in the year in which it has got to meet America—to California, for instance—after having done a good bit of the preliminary spade work in England the previous year, I am in general agreement with all that Brigadier-General Ricketts has to say.

We hear the question asked so frequently: "Why is it that the Americans always lay us out stone-cold?" and we hear various answers such as, "They have got all the money and

all the ponies"; "they are fighting on their own ground"; "they have about 50 to 1 the best of it in the matter of numbers," and so forth and so on; but the real answer is not money, ponies, or anything like that, but that they have the climate, and they take the organization of their International team a lot more seriously than we do. It is also so patent that anyone conducting an over-seas operation starts with a lot the worse of the weights. As in warfare, so in this game; the only way by which to minimize this disadvantage is to afford to an invading force sufficient time after it has effected a landing to organize for conquest. A raiding operation has never yet been of much profit beyond the disturbance of the morale of the enemy's population, and is frequently costly in material and men to the raider. The longer time that an invader has on the enemy soil in which to consolidate and organize for future operations the better obviously are his chances of conquest. The comparison I suggest is apposite.



MERCHISTON IN THE FINAL OF THE WHITNEY CUP

W. A. Rouch

The names in this team, left to right, are: Mr. H. P. Guinness, Captain H. N. Scott-Robson, Captain J. F. Sanderson, and Mr. G. Madlener. They received half a goal start, and beat Los Piratos 7½ to 2 in the semi-final, and so went into the final with Major Philip Magor's Panthers, who defeated the Knaves 8½ to 5

Brigadier-General Ricketts hits out pretty straight from the shoulder, and though he punches pretty hard, no one will suggest that he lands any of his blows below the belt. I do not agree that we ought to have won last year, or that we started on level terms, because we can never hope to do that until we send our ponies over in the winter, December for choice, and our people at the end of February or early in March, but in all else that he says I think most people will concur. The General's summing up is this:

If there ever was an opportunity it was last year. The Americans were not a great side, and we had splendid material which, if combined, would have ensured victory. The cure appears to be: (1) A strong controlling personality, who himself is a player of the highest class and has natural inclinations towards team play; (2) A change in the system of play in England, at least in years when the Westchester Cup competition is played. Eight or ten players should be collected at some centre, such as the Beaufort Hunt Polo Club, where they could practise continually together in more or less private games in which their captain would have a chance of inculcating suitable methods of play by a definite course of coaching; (3) A realization that all practice games must be played at absolutely full speed, the amount (not the speed) of play being regulated by what the ponies can stand. (Certain slower chukkers should, of course, be arranged for unfit ponies.) Only by continuous and controlled practice at the highest speed can men and ponies be prepared properly for International competition matches. Until something of the sort is accomplished our chances of winning our share of the Westchester Cup matches is small. Though the American system of teams may be somewhat similar to ours at present, their mentality is very different. They approach their games in a far more serious and scientific spirit than we do, *vide* the training of athletes of all kinds in schools and colleges. They are out to win. With studied forethought and thoroughness they adapt their methods to that end by aiming at the maximum efficiency. This is in striking contrast to our usual practice, in which

(Continued on p. xxii)

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is a veritable non-alcoholic champagne.*

THE LOST ROMANCE

By Lord Dunsany

ALL through the summer Jorkens had told us no story. He often lunched at the Billiards Club; but it was never his custom to talk much while he was eating, and afterwards he used to rest in a chair. I would not say he slept, it was rather more of a torpor and, although he muttered sometimes, he told no story. Nobody minded; there are all sorts of things to do in summer: gardening, golf, weeding lawns, and a hundred other things that take up one's time and one's interest and give one plenty to talk about without needing to listen to Jorkens. I recollect one member of our club telling me a story about gardening. It was not in the least true, but it served to pass the time away, and entitled one to tell a similar tale in return. Then someone else would talk of his garden, and so on. And all the while Jorkens lay undisturbed in his chair. But when November came, when gardening was over, when the days grew short in London almost suddenly, and the fog and the night began to shut down upon us in earnest, then it hardly seemed that any tales we could tell could bring back to our memories any ray of lost summer, and some of us naturally turned to Jorkens then; for, whatever we may think of the method he had of inspiring himself, his tales had at any rate an origin in lands that shimmered with sunshine, and he seemed to have the knack of bringing some of it to us through the dark and early evening that hung bleak by our windows. So one November day, quite early on in the month, I took the liberty of talking to Jorkens while he rested after his lunch; and though he did not immediately recall who I was, or follow the trend of my remarks, I certainly brought back his attention to us, so that later on when another of us referred to one or two of his earlier gallantries, a twinkle woke in his eye, though he did not speak. He did not speak until he had had some refreshment that I was only too glad to provide for him; and then I questioned him directly. I had framed my question with some care, knowing that the unusual had an unfailing attraction for Jorkens. "Have you ever failed," I asked, "in any affair with a lady?"

For a moment he seemed about to say no, when the banality of such an answer froze the word on his lips, and for several seconds he appeared deep in thought.

"Only once," said Jorkens. "No, only once. Oh, it is a long time ago now, and it was a long, long way from here. I'll tell you. It was in the island of Anaktos. You probably don't know it; in the Mediterranean, far away from here. In the Mediterranean, in the early summer. Well, it's all gone now. But that summer in Anaktos I first saw her, walking along a path under the pepper trees, in the bright morning. There were eighteen of them, sisters of the Greek Reformed Church. They had a convent on the island, and it was easy to see where she came from; that was not the difficulty. The difficulty was in speaking to her at all, or even seeing her face. Yes, they don't wear cowls those sisters, they veil themselves completely. They

wear white gloves too; you don't see an inch of skin. They have some sort of holy saying that where a fly can alight there is room for Satan. Well, there it was, you see. And yet, for all that, I got the idea, and never have I had any idea more strongly, that she was extraordinarily beautiful. She was tall and slender and she had lovely hands, and she walked with a stride as graceful and light as the step of any young antelope slipping unseen from the forest on hooves unheard by the lions. Of her hair I can tell you nothing; and I never saw her eyes.

"She walked third on the left, of the eighteen. It was a difficult situation. I was determined to speak to her alone; and you can do that even when they are walking with seventeen others, if once you can catch their eye; but when you cannot even see their eyes, you cannot make any sign to one more than to the whole lot. Even if I waited at a corner and signed just as she came round; no, there seemed no way of doing it. Oh, I did a lot of thinking.

I thought of leaving a note in the path, with a leaf over it, and pulling the leaf away with a bit of silk just as the second two passed it, and it would be right before her. She always walked in the same place in that procession. But that would have been no use, because they would have all seen her stoop to pick it up, and I knew where that note would have gone. I somehow felt sure when first I saw the procession that it would come the same way every day at the same hour, except, of course, on saints' days; and sure enough it did. And every day my belief in her surpassing beauty grew stronger, and for a week I could think of nothing that was any good at all. They'd a good wall at the convent; quite 10-ft. high, and broken glass on the top that didn't look to me particularly Christian. But it wasn't the wall that stopped me, but the impossibility of finding her if I got over, before I found one of the others, or nine of them for that matter, for that's what the odds were. If I threw a note over, the odds were no better; and, of course, I didn't even know her name.

"Well, at the end of the week the idea came to me. Of course, all great ideas are the simple ones; but I'd been thinking too hard, and so I hadn't hit on it. And when it did come I can take no credit for it; I didn't get it by thinking. I was walking to a place, a little wood, where I could be alone and think things out, one day when she had passed me for the

seventh or eighth time, with that gentle and beautiful stride, her hands swaying very softly like slightly wind-blown flowers; I was pushing into the wood, which nobody owned or tended, when a burr stuck to my clothes. I doubt if I should ever have found any way to speak to her if it had not been for that. I had barely touched the burr and yet it stuck; and when I tried to pull it off it seemed to stick harder than ever.

"That's what I got my idea from. And what I did was to write a note on tissue-paper and roll it up very small, and fasten it on to the burr. I simply wrote: 'Most beautiful of

(Continued overleaf)



MARIA NEMETH

Manasse

In the marvellous head-dress and décor which she wears to-night, June 3, in Puccini's "Turandot," at Covent Garden. This will be Madame Nemeth's first appearance in England. Born in Hungary and a star of the famous Vienna Staats Opera, she is described as "the new Jeritza."

The Lost Romance—cont. from p. 449

the sisters, here or in any land; I must speak with you. Tell me where to come. If you refuse, be sure that I shall go to everlasting perdition.'

"I didn't set much store by the last sentence, because after all she was a woman. But just in case she was too much frozen by dogma, then the threat of Hell would be just the thing for her; because it is their job to keep souls from Hell, not to send them there. So I threw that in on the tiny bit of paper. Practically blackmail.

"Well, I never quite knew which part of the letter fetched her, but some part of it did. For I walked towards them along their path next day and threw the burr at her dress as she passed; and, not the day following that, but the day after that one, the same burr hit my jacket, as we passed at the usual place. Her note said, 'At five to-morrow in our orchard, if you can climb the wall by the ilex.'

"If I could climb the wall. Five stone less than I am now, and invisible wings to lift me; that's what one has in youth. Yes, I could climb the wall. I made a sort of a ladder for the near side, out of logs, and took up plenty of sacking for the glass bottles. Then I fastened a rope to the trunk of a handy tree and took the end over the wall with me to get back by. The ilex was no use for climbing down, but it was a world of use for concealing me from the windows. And there was the orchard underneath me, and plenty of cover from the trees if you went carefully. She was standing there expecting me, and looking pretty grim, so far as you could tell by her attitude; to make up, as I almost fancied, for her lapse in answering my note. Why, even reading it, in a place like that, was probably more of a sin than shop-lifting would be here. Well, there she stood, looking pretty forbidding, but it was her all right; there could be no doubt of that, though her face was still muffled up and gloves covered her hands and wrists.

"Her first words to me were: 'Why did you write that you would go to everlasting perdition? What did you mean by it?'

"'Because,' I said, 'your beauty has so profoundly enchanted me.'

"'How can you know,' she asked, 'if I am beautiful or not?'

"And I was so enthralled by a strange certainty that I answered 'I know.'

"And then she went back to her original question, 'Why everlasting perdition?'

"'Because,' I said, 'there would be nothing else left for me.'

"'But how?' she asked.

"'Easy enough,' I said. 'Just helplessly drifting.'

"She wouldn't leave that point for a long while. But I didn't want to talk about my soul. I had better things to talk of. You know how it is if you're with a beautiful woman, and she is all wrapped up in mystery, you don't think much about your soul. But she didn't want to talk of anything else. I began to wish I had never mentioned it. And yet, if I hadn't, who knows if I'd ever have seen her. I thought at first that I had attracted the woman in her, and that she was only pretending to be more interested in everlasting perdition. But she stuck to her point until I began to wonder. And such a place for a talk like that; the grey boles of old apple trees clustered in a quiet angle of the great convent wall, the green lawns flashing beyond through gaps in the gnarled branches, with the old ilex shadowing us and sheltering us from view. What a place for a talk about Hell! But she would have it. And I would have it that it was to Hell I would go if her beauty took no pity on me.

"Again, 'How do you know if I am beautiful?'

"And again I swore to her in all sincerity that I surely knew she was lovely.

"And then she ridiculed me; and then my turn came. 'Take off those veils,' I said, 'and prove it.'

"And at first she said no, and that it was against the rules of their Order. But I said: 'No. You have mocked at truth. You laughed at me for saying that you were beautiful. Truth comes before all your rules.'

"I argued like that with her for a while, and at last I saw I was winning. She hadn't said she would unveil, but I knew she was going to; I was as sure as one sometimes is that some bursting bud in spring, on an early morning, will be an open flower by noon. Her hands moved to her hood where all those veils were fastened, then she let them drop again and began to talk of her childhood. Who she was and what she

was she did not say, but she spoke of a terror that came when she was young, moving from village to village as quietly as lengthening shadows, and bringing death with it or life-long disfigurement; that was the small-pox. 'I was, perhaps,' she said, and seemed to tremble as though Satan would hear her, 'perhaps I was beautiful then.'

"'And what, what happened then?' I asked as well as I could, for something came to me suddenly, like an icy wind through the apple-trunks, a fear, for the first time, of something amiss.

"'The small-pox,' she said simply. 'I just escaped with my life. Of my beauty' (and still she said the word as though it were a sin to speak it) 'nothing remained, and scarcely even my features.'

"'Scarcely . . . ' I blurted out, and found no more to say. And she kindly filled the gap in our shattered conversation.

"'You do not wish to see my face now?' she said.

"But that was not true. I could have wept to hear of the ruin of that beauty of which I felt so sure. And yet I could not believe that in the ruins was no trace at all of the radiant face I had

(Continued on p. vi)



CHALIAPINE

One of the world's greatest singers, has repeated his past triumphs in his favourite rôle, "Boris Goudounow," in the Russian Opera season now running so successfully at the Lyceum. Chaliapine's great voice has lost none of its bloom and he is particularly magnificent in the second and last acts of "Boris"



"The Berkeley."

The Young 'un: "Dined with the old Colonel last night. He's very proud of his brandy. Marvellous old crooked bottle and dated back a century or so."

The Old Stager: "Was the stuff inside good?"

The Young 'un: "To tell you the truth I was disappointed—it was rather flat and flavourless and much too sweet. Not a patch on this 'Cordon Bleu.'"

The Old Stager: "Ah! It was a case of age — perhaps — *without* quality. In 'Cordon Bleu' you don't get a date but you do get Age *and* Quality."

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PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON.



"THE TERROR OF THE TOCHI," AS THEY PLAYED IT AT BANNU, N.W.F.

This play, the work of Lieut. G. R. Hext of the 2nd Punjab Regiment, was produced entirely by the battalion's own amateur talent, who called themselves "The Chinthés." A Chinthé is a Burmese lion and is the crest of the regiment, which is stationed beyond the administrative border of India, where no ladies are allowed, so that the cast had to go down to Bannu to rehearse the only lady in the cast, Mrs. N. E. V. Patterson. The performances yielded about £30, which was handed over to the Indian Children's Welfare Society in Bannu. In this group are, left to right: Bugler Labhi Singh, Hasham Ali, Sepoy Zaman Ali, Lieut. G. R. Hext, Major G. C. Bampffield, Captain A. G. Campbell, Mrs. N. E. V. Patterson, Captain J. B. F. Austin, Sergeant Green, Captain A. J. Staples, Captain N. E. V. Patterson, Lieut. J. B. Harrison, and Akram Khan.

The Dampier.

BY chance, the other day, I lunched with a pal o' mine in one of the obscure little clubs which he infests. The tiny dining-room was crowded, and the promised *tête-à-tête* out of the question. "I'm very sorry," he said aside to me, as four men plumped themselves down at our six-seater table. "But you'll have to put up with a lot of 'shop.' These chaps are in the motor business." So they were—three of them, at least—or more likely on the fringe of it. Very soon I was listening to the kind of conversation this kind of pilgrim dispenses. From it you would gather that Sir William Morris couldn't sell a car, and was just going to shut his factory, that Sir Herbert Austin had had to pawn his diamond studs to pay his few remaining operatives, that the Continental Rolls-Royce would only just do sixty, that the Wizard was so badly sprung that you couldn't sit in it—and a lot of other utter balderdash on similar lines. It was meant to be wicked, but actually it was so utterly silly that it couldn't do any harm. Our fourth jolly companion said little or nothing (being almost a stranger to the rest of us) until one of the hot-air merchants adventured the statement that upon a so-and-so he would guarantee to do 40 miles in an hour, starting from Hammersmith Broadway at any hour of the day or night. Now it is just possible that with good handling and a little favour of luck the so-and-so could do this. But the

fourth man up and said: "I'll bet you a level fifty quid you can't." I had expected him to be taken like a shot. But the booster started humming and ha-ing and making all sorts of stipulations. I mentioned that for a more moderate stake (fortimes are hard) I would have a go at it myself. "No, no," quoth the layer, "my bet is concerned with the driver just as much as with the car." Thus doped with flattery, I kept quiet and waited until (as I very well knew it must) the eternal argument took—forgive the pun—another turn. This time it was petrol consumption. Hammer-smith Broadway was again the popular starting place, and one of the yappers engaged to do, on a this and that, thirty miles

thence upon one statute gallon of petrol at a minimum average of twenty-five. Fourth-in-hand came down on this like a pile-driver. "Bet you fifty pounds you can't," he said in a very resolute and confident tone. And in five minutes' time the fuel-consumption protagonist had, in some confusion, retired from the arena. I could see that the third of the little party was itching to make some declaration, but a glance at fourth-in-hand showed that it would, so to speak, be immediately doubled. The result was that these singularly white-livered gentry were reduced to comparative silence within a very few minutes; and so we had our lunch quite peacefully, for they left the table as soon as they decently could. "I like your perky little friend," I remarked to my host, "he has pluck, and, I think, sound ideas." "And that

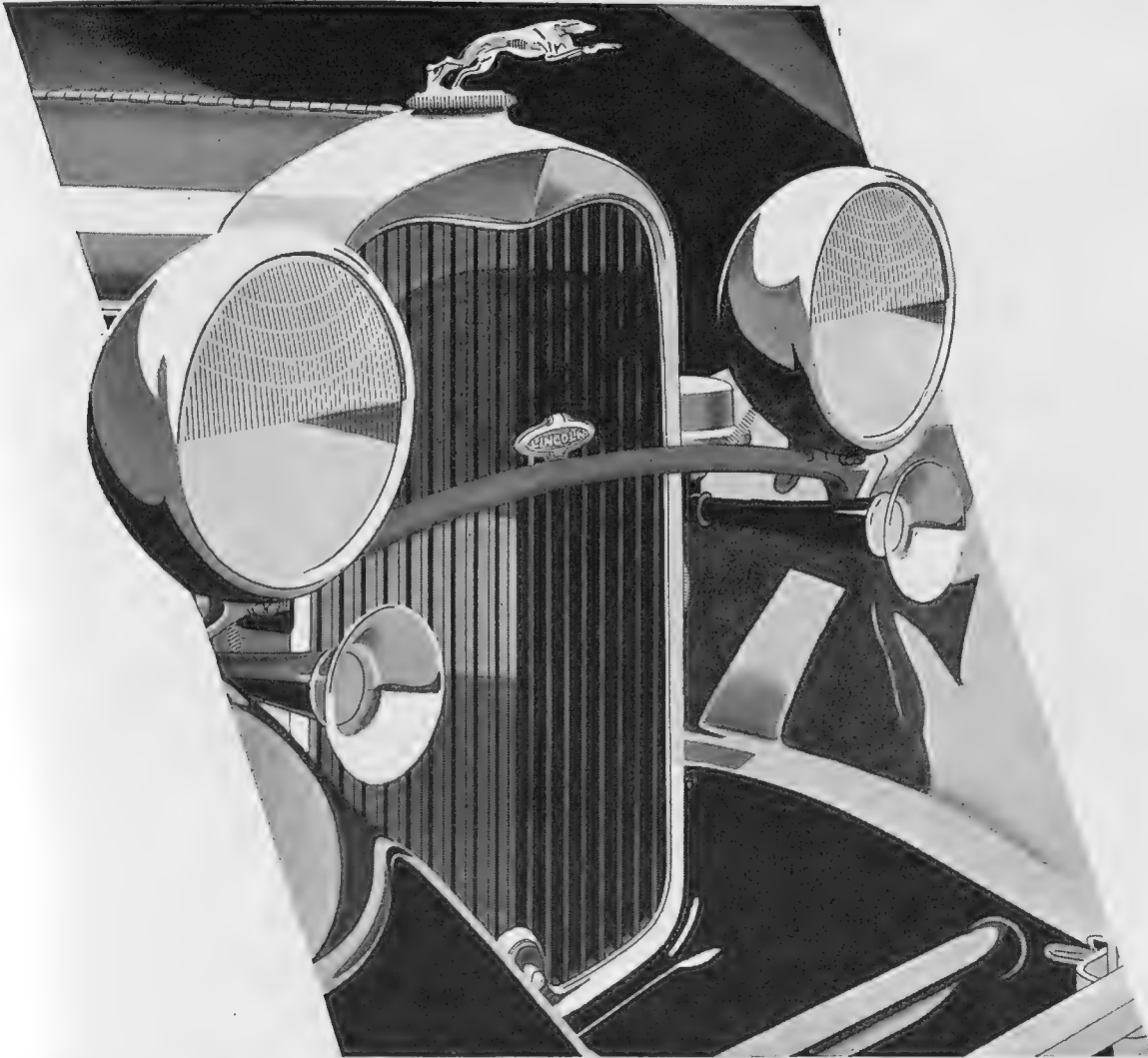
(Continued on p. xvi)



AT THE EMPIRE DAY DINNER: MAJOR-GENERAL SIR PERCY COX AND MRS. ALEC TWEEDIE

A flashlight picture taken at the Royal Empire Society Empire Day Dinner at the Connaught Rooms last week. Sir Percy Cox, as the world knows, has had a very distinguished military and political career. He has been British Minister in Persia, High Commissioner in Mesopotamia, and was amongst other things British Plenipotentiary for negotiations with Turkey regarding the Turko-Iraq Frontier. Mrs. Alec Tweedie is Vice-president of the Society of Women Journalists and the widow of Mr. Alec Tweedie, a grandson of the famous Dr. Tweedie, F.R.S.

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



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LINCOLN



Miss Jestyn Jeffreys, who played brilliantly to retain her title in the Welsh Championship, with (right) Miss Barbara Pyman, the runner-up

THERE must be something extraordinarily satisfying about qualifying first for a championship and then winning the match-play stages. When, moreover, you are the holder of the event, and did precisely the same thing the preceding year, it seems as if satisfaction could hardly go further. Whether anybody will do such a thing at Portmarnock is still on the lap of the gods, who must have their hands full with 114 players,

EVE AT GOLF : By ELEANOR E. HELME

more than half of them extremely useful.

But Southerndown, not Portmarnock, is really the affair of the moment, with Miss Jestyn Jeffreys the heroine. When we went to press last week she had qualified first, and we had been rash enough to prophesy another win for

Miss Pyman, who was runner-up, is nothing like so convincing to watch, but she is a brilliant putter and the way in which she overcame both her dread of Mrs. Rieben's long putts and those long putts themselves marked a very definite step up for her on the golfing ladder.

Southerndown is really one of the most delightful of courses.

He or she would be indeed a hardened grumbler who found anything amiss there, although the hypercritical do protest that some of the shots are semi-blind. But it is the players who must be blind if they fail to look beyond the golf and do not lose their hearts to the views from the first tee, the second green, and from many other points of vantage whence they can look down on the little river Ogmore, the sand hills, the trees in spring foliage, and last but not least the sea itself. And the turf, and the air, and the greens! Yes, Wales



The Southerndown team, winners, on their own delightful course, of the Welsh Team Championship. In front—Miss B. Pyman, Mrs. C. Burns, Mrs. T. E. Morel (club captain), and Mrs. T. G. Bonnyman; at back—Mrs. W. H. Ricardo (team captain and champion of Glamorgan), and Miss V. M. Williams (honorary secretary). Fourteen clubs entered for this event



Competitors in the Hereford Spring Meeting: A group including Mrs. Brooks, Mrs. Barnsley, Miss Smith, Miss Corner (captain), Mrs. Newton, Mrs. Higgenbotham, Miss Andrews, Mrs. Meredith, Mrs. Seymour, Mrs. Ayre, Mrs. H. Williams, Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Brocklehurst, Mrs. Vizard, Miss Price, Mrs. and Miss Swayne, Mrs. Moir-Browne, Miss Peters, and Mrs. Hazelhurst

her (when a prophecy comes off one is surely justified in adopting the editorial "we" for once in a way). Really Miss Jeffreys never looked like anything else but winning, for she had survived four rounds before she knew what it was to be down to anybody, and then it was only for one brief moment when a gorse bush swallowed up her ball irretrievably at the first hole of the 36-hole final. As she promptly won the second, the loss was of no particular account.

Miss Jeffreys is a very good golfer indeed. Put her down near London or somewhere where she would be having constant battles and open meetings with others as good as or better than herself, and she would be a player to be reckoned with most seriously. Even without that intensive training she has lengthened, and is capable of putting so many shots so close to the pin that she is very near indeed to the front rank. Portmarnock may quite possibly prove her to be actually in it.



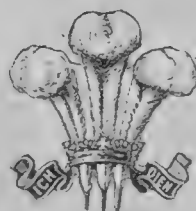
Miss R. Stanley and Miss Barnes-Gorell were two of the Parliamentary Ladies recently in competition at Prince's, Sandwich

seems a lucky country this year. To crown all, the weather was perfect; a little chill maybe on the final day but dry and sunny, so that letters from London wrapt in gloom seemed almost unbelievable.

On the first day the great match was Mrs. Rieben's victory, 1 up from Mrs. Ricardo, the Glamorganshire champion, though a word must be spared for Mrs. Aberfield's 23rd-hole win from Mrs. Bonnyman, and for Miss Gethin Griffiths' pluck in beating Miss Cunninghame after being 4 down and 6 to go. But Miss Cunninghame has the weight of the championship secretaryship upon her shoulders, which is certainly worth a hole or two to any opponent.

(Continued on p. xxiv)

BUCHANAN'S



BY APPOINTMENT



"BLACK & WHITE"



"BUCHANAN'S LIQUEUR"

JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., LONDON AND GLASGOW

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

Tangee Lipstick and Rouge take on the correct shade after they have been applied and, like the magician's wand, give the much to be desired transparency to the skin. (See p. iv)

Marla
Hurrell

Severed Skirts.

THE newest phases of the severed skirt are practical and smart; indeed it is not until the wearer moves that the division is noticeable. Sometimes at the back there is an ordinary skirt effect, the front width being severed. Another conceit is to have the skirt arranged in two wide scallops; as a consequence there are deep incisions in the centre of the front and back. For beach and garden wear there is no attempt to camouflage the trousers. A model that is sure to be applauded when it makes its début at Fortnum and Mason's, Piccadilly, display of sports fashions this week has wide, dark trousers; the fabricating medium is wool showing a fine basket weave; blue and white are present in the wasp stripes of the jumper, the blue cardigan being outlined with heavy white wool crochet. Another suit has the trousers and bolero coat of geranium red crêpe de chine, while the white silk jumper is finished with modestie sleeves.

* * *

Fashions for the Links.

It is to be hoped that now Whitsun is over golf enthusiasts will be able to discard their suède coats with zyp fastenings and appear on the links in the accepted tweed skirts in conjunction with silken shirts and wool jumpers which are cut in a deep U, so that the former may be revealed. A novelty for sportswomen are the triple-twisted leather belts, whose fount of inspiration has evidently been a dog leash; the crown of the hat must be encircled with two twists, and there are bags to match. In complete harmony with these are the necklaces made of fine rope (no, it is not string); coloured square wood beads appear at intervals. White canvas bags have their rôles to play, especially those with bamboo mounts and handles; tweed bags are seen with leather mounts, they must be of the same tweed as the suit.

* * *

For Country Wear.

As week-ends are more often than not spent in the country, fashions for the same are of interest. Striped silk skirts are being partnered with striped wool pull-overs and plain cardigans; green and beige is an attractive colour scheme, and there are flowers to match. The cornfield button-hole is non-committal; it consists of poppies, cornflowers, and wheat or barley. Reverting, however, to the pull-overs, there are some of fine natural wool; the collars of the halter character are multi-coloured; the béret is natural with a woven-in motif to match the collar. An example of things not being what they seem is a wasp-striped pull-over with a woven-in yoke that suggests a toby frill. All kinds of decorations are suggested by woven-in designs; it is really most ingenious the manner in which it is done.



Lisle Thread Cardigans.

Neither must the lisle thread lace-stitch cardigans and jumpers be overlooked, as they are arranged with three different necks, round, square, and V. They have rivals, however, in those of spun fish-net seen in conjunction with plain cardigans. These and a host of other interesting things may be seen at Fortnum and Mason's, including the polka spotted foulard dressing-gowns cut on mannish lines; they are just right when travelling, as they occupy practically no space in the suitcase. And, of course, Fortnum and Mason's picnic hampers are too well known to need description.

(Continued on p. iv)



A study in contrasts are these frocks from Fenwick; the picture frock on the left is of mignonette organdi and lace, while the evening dress on the right is expressed in pale pink and black satin; it is reinforced with a scarf-coatee. (See p. iv)

*Forget all you've learned
about beauty treatments—*

**give your
skin a
fresh start
this way . .**

Just for a moment—stop thinking of your skin as a surface that must be continually coaxed to loveliness. Think *underneath*—down to the living cells and tissues of which it is composed; the muscles that give it shape and firmness; the pores through which it breathes. Ask yourself—are you seeing to it that these cells, these muscles, these pores can function properly? Or are you still loading your skin with creams and make-up; closing its choked pores with astringents; leaving soiled cream and waste matter to harden into spots and blackheads; poisoning the very source of loveliness?

If so—then you would be wasting money on Cyclax or any other beauty treatment. *No skin can be lovely unless it is kept absolutely clean*—unless it can function as naturally as the innocent peach-bloom skin of a child. Even if it means forgetting everything you've learned about skin care, you must get back to this . . . the focus point of the Cyclax treatment.

THE SPECIAL LOTION—THE MORNING DIFFERENCE

Every woman who has used this Special Lotion has been surprised at the difference even one application can make. What happens is this. You paint the Lotion over your face before going to bed. During the night it will draw out the acid waste that usually collects in the pores, ready to be washed away in the morning with soap and water. Look in your mirror *then*. Your skin will be noticeably lighter, immeasurably smoother in texture. Each application will leave it clearer and younger, until soon, once a week will be enough to keep it in perfect order.

Frances Hemming.

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FREE ADVICE

If you want advice, and cannot visit the Salon for a free consultation, write to Frances Hemming, 58, South Molton Street. Every woman who seeks my advice or uses our products is remembered in our correspondence files, where a complete record is kept of her special needs.

Cyclax preparations are obtained from the best Stores, Hairdressers and Chemists throughout the country.

Cyclax Special Lotion. Draws all acid waste matter out of the skin, leaving every pore clean. Excellent for removing blackheads, sallowness and sunburn. 5/6, 10/6.

Cyclax Skin Food. Nourishes and braces the tissues. This is for normal skins. It is also made in three other strengths. Cyclax Special "O" Skin Food for dry skins. Cyclax Special "E" Skin Food for building up relaxed chins and throats, and Cyclax "Baby" Skin Food for exceptionally sensitive skins. 4/6, 7/6.

Cyclax Complexion Milk. (Slightly astringent.) Prevents open pores and relaxing of the skin. Eradicates lines. 4/6, 7/6.

Cyclax Soap. Specially prepared from a secret formula, with an exceptionally abundant lather which easily removes every trace of skin food. Its emollient qualities soften and whiten the skin, and form a complete beauty treatment. 3/6 per tablet.

Cyclax Blended Lotion. Protects the skin from exposure and gives it a velvety finish under powder. For dry skins use Cyclax "Sunburn" Lotion. For greasy skins, Cyclax "Salusta" Lotion. 4/6, 8/6.

Cyclax Cleansing Lotion. Excellent for cleaning the face when washing is inconvenient. Instantly removes all trace of dust and make-up. 4/6, 7/6.

Cyclax Powder is made in 7 shades, or you can have it specially blended to suit your colouring. 3/6, 6/6.

HATS WITH CHARM,

FOR
FASHIONABLE
FUNCTIONS



As glorious sunshine is anticipated in the near future fashion gives precedence to the large hat. Shady affairs like these pictured are in complete harmony with the graceful frocks that are being created for Ascot, the Royal garden parties and Goodwood. They may be seen in the salons of Woollands, Knightsbridge. The model at the top of the page is of shiny straw, the crown, of the "gutter" genre, being enriched with gardenias. The newest version of the "sailor" is seen below it; it is of daffodil-yellow straw, the plaited ribbon band shading from pale yellow to deep orange appears at the base of the crown. The wreath of flowers which is present in the straw hat on the left is caught with a ribbon bow. The last of the quartette, on the right, is a pleasing study in straw and ribbon.

Models, Woollands

Pictures by Blake

harvey nichols



Pictures by Blake

The perfection of chic—a Three-Piece Suit of fancy two-toned stockinette, with perfectly cut skirt and cardigan, and effective waistcoat of silk piqué. Choose it in black and white, or in soft new colours. **7½ gns.**

A very smart Two-piece Suit of pure wool, knitted in tweed effect, has a triple-godet skirt and a cardigan that proudly shows the newest rounded corners. Brown/beige, yellow/white, navy/white, scarlet/white. **6½ gns.**

These are two of the many smart styles in the Sportswear Department.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO. LTD. KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

Smaller Sunshades.

Sunshades are decidedly smaller this season, although many of them are remarkably decorative. There is the chameleon model composed of innumerable frills of shaded ribbon; lace may take the place of ribbon, the frills being always in miniature. Simple and smart are the brocade sunshades; there are gold and silver threads running through them, which are treated in such a manner that when the sun shines water seems to have been sprayed on them. Sometimes raffia is darned with silk or wool, the design being picked out with hand-painting, while others are merely painted. Quite inexpensive and very attractive are the Japanese silk ones with a self damask pattern; they have short handles. The gayest of colours are present in the patterns of the Turkish towelling that is introduced in other models; nevertheless it is safe to predict that those of printed cretonne will not suffer an eclipse. Again there are others entirely composed of straw or rather reeds.

Puff Sleeves and Melon Muffs.

Something new and something different that shall not make too great inroads on the dress allowance is what women are seeking to-day, and they will find it in the Fenwick salons, 63, New Bond Street, W. They are responsible for the frocks pictured on p. 456; they are 6½ guineas each. The modified picture frock is carried out in mignonette-green organdie, the narrow lace which trims it being dyed to match; the price includes the melon muff but not the shady Leghorn hat or mittens. It is available in white and various colours. The evening dress is a study in pale pink and black satin, while the scarf-coatee which may be arranged in many ways to suit the wearer is trimmed with fur. Furthermore, there is a unique collection of lace and other dresses to suit the requirements of all exchequers.

The Capelet and Coatee.

Neither must it be overlooked that there are many variations of the capelet and coatee in the Fenwick salons. There are some of the bolero genre, they are

carried out in soft velvet; the entire scheme is outlined with ruchings, the short sleeves being finished with fur. Of one of these one may become the possessor for 49s. 6d.; and then there are the coatees with bell sleeves and small shoulder capes for the same price. Naturally there are more expensive affairs, some of which have been created for women who have to take thought for their figure. They have a decidedly slimming effect.

effect is cleverly introduced in the ensemble on the right; it is of black and white crêpe de chine relieved with touches of red; the long coat matches in colour but not in material, it being of suiting. They have gone into residence in the model department.

Inexpensive Frocks for Summer Days.

No one must leave Peter Robinson's without paying a visit to the inexpensive dress department. For instance, there are ensembles of printed silk, the coat and dress have sleeves, for 90s.; the hip measurements are 42, 44, and 46 in. Again, there are sleeveless dresses and coatees of printed ninon for 79s.; they are lined throughout. Sleeveless Shantung dresses with coatees are 59s.; robbed of the coatees, and sleeves added to the dress, the cost is 39s. All interested in the subject must write for the illustrated catalogue sent gratis and post free; naturally the name of this paper must be mentioned.

Fashion Adopts Tangee.

No one can possibly cavil at the statement that fashion has adopted the Tangee preparations, and has taken for her slogan, "Be Beautiful with Tangee." The vogue of to-day demands natural colour on the lips and cheeks. As it is the eldest member of the Tangee family attention must be called to the lipstick; it blends perfectly with the natural colouring no matter whether it be blonde or brunette; it assumes the correct tint after it has been applied, then it is permanent, and because of its solidified cream base it soothes and protects. The same colour principle is present in the Rouge Compact and in the

Crème Rouge, and there is a face powder that is blended to match the natural skin tones. These Tangee preparations conquer the ravages wrought by time and worry. On receipt of 1s., Calmon and Neate, 8, Gerrard Street, W., will send six items in miniature and free booklet, "The Art of Make-up." It demonstrates in a simple manner that there is an art in using these preparations, and that the contour of the face as well as the features must be taken into consideration.



Models, Peter Robinson

Picture by Blake

FASHIONABLE ENSEMBLES

The one on the left is a study in pink and black crêpe de chine; the short decorative coatee is a separate affair. The tunic effect is an important feature of the frock of the model on the right; it is carried out in black and white crêpe de chine relieved with touches of red; the coat matches the dress but is of suiting

Ensembles that are Sure to Please.

Most assuredly the ensembles that may be seen at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, W., are sure to give entire satisfaction, and although in them are mirrored the latest commands of fashion they will remain undated. Simplicity is the salient feature of the model on the left, it is a study in black and pink, the cross-over corsage portion having a pink ground; the dress may be worn either with or without the coatee. The tunic



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The Lost Romance—continued from p. 450

fancied. And fancy wasn't the word for it either; it seemed nothing less than insight.

"So I said: 'Yes. Still. And as much as ever.'"

"I thought that the glory that is in beautiful faces might linger there even yet.

"And then to console her for whatever was lost, and because it was perfectly true I said: 'You have a beautiful voice.'"

"And she answered: 'All my people have beautiful voices.'"

"And as yet she had said nothing of who they were.

"Your people?' I said.

"Yes, the Hottentots,' was her answer.

"The Hottentots!' I exclaimed.

"And she seemed offended by something she heard in my voice, and repeated proudly: 'The Hottentots.'"

"Did I tell you we were speaking in English, and perfect English?"

"But you speak English!' I gasped.

"The English rule there,' she said.

"But the convent? The Order?' I blurted out, clinging still to a despairing hope that what she told was impossible.

"It is open to all,' she said, 'accepting the discipline of the Greek Reformed Church.'"

"I was silent, silent, silent. You could hear the young leaves swaying to a small breeze lost in the apple-trees. And then after a long while she spoke again. She turned her veiled face to me, I remember, and said: 'You still wish to see my face?'"

"And I said, 'Yes.' What else could one say? I could hardly say No, even if I hadn't asked her to unveil. When I said Yes, she moved her hands again to her hood and began the untying of a great number of knots, and all of them seemed as tight as though some elder hand had wrenched them shut with a jerk. It gave my eyes time to rove, and my thoughts with them. Otherwise I should have seen her face. But now I saw, far enough off, I admit,

but I saw two sisters walking over a lawn; I saw their white dresses every now and then as they crossed the little vistas between the trunks of the apple-trees. And I meant to tell her this, and to say that if unveiling was against the rules of her convent, now would not be the time to do it. But her hands were busy with the last of those knots. And all I said in the end was, 'Perhaps not now.'

"Then I took one long, long look at her, remembering my illusion, an illusion that is often with me still, coming suddenly back to me at a glimpse of orchards or ilex; then I went to my ope and got back over the wall." And Jorkens looked sadly into the depths of the fire, as though the old illusion were glowing there still and a little warming the blood of the middle-aged man by its beauty, after Lord knows how long. In common gratitude I signed to the waiter.

Really there was no more for anyone to have said. Watley needn't have spoken at all. And yet he did. And this was what he said: "It was no illusion, Jorkens."

"What!" said Jorkens.

"No illusion," Watley repeated. "The sisters of the Greek Reformed Church are the loveliest girls in those islands. They make a point of it. Whenever they get a beautiful girl they count it a victory over Satan. And they are beautiful."

"But a Hottentot," said Jorkens, "disfigured by small-pox."

"Oh, that," said Watley, with a wave of his hand as though sweeping small-pox and Hottentot out of the world. "They keep their wits about them. 'Be cunninger than the Tempter' is one of their mottoes."

Jorkens gripped the whisky that was now beside him, and drained it without a word. Again I signed to the waiter. Still Jorkens was utterly silent and seemingly miles away from us, or more likely years and years. Another whisky came and he drained that too. And as he still said nothing, sitting there heedless of us, we went quietly away from the room and left him alone. As I went through the door he still seemed searching and searching for something lost in the sinking glow of the fire.



Paul Tanqueray

PRESENTED AT COURT: MISS
ELIZABETH BROOKE

The second of the three daughters of T.H. the Rajah and Ranee of Sarawak (Sir Charles Vyner and the Hon. Lady Brooke). The Ranee of Sarawak was the Hon. Sylvia Brett and is a sister of Lord Esher

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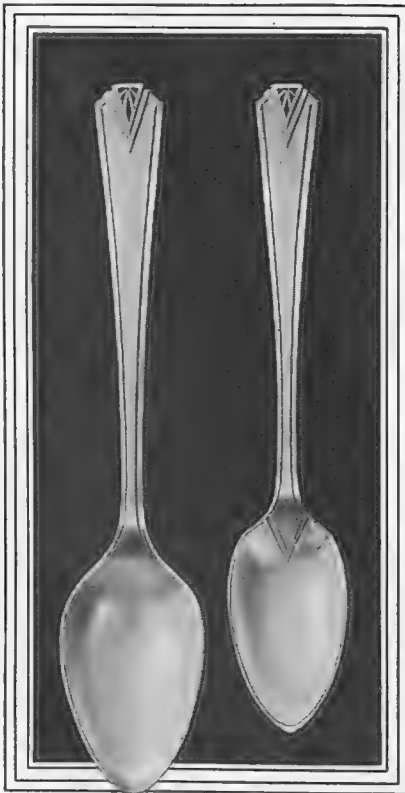


We named it Deauville—this delightful design which harmonises so beautifully with the clean-cut simplicity of modern decoration. Community is also made in other modern and period designs—Patrician, Hepplewhite, Sheraton, which your silversmith will show you when you make your choice. And Community is so modestly priced—gift sets from 3/- and canteens with complete service for six people at only 7 gns. Each piece is overlaid with pure silver at the wearing parts and guaranteed for 50 years.

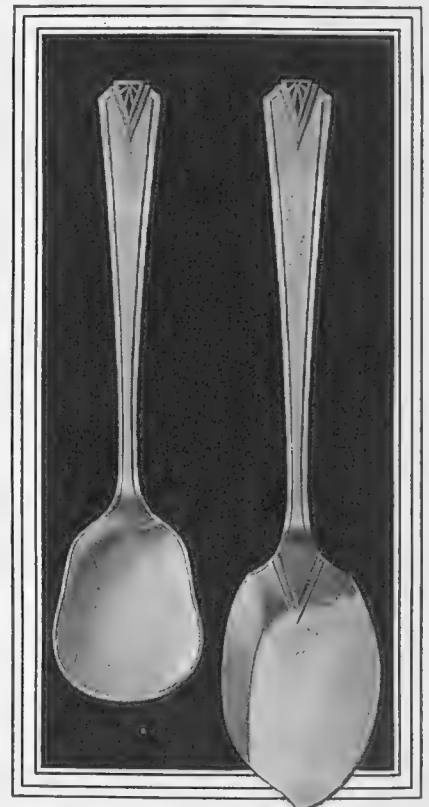


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Says GERARD ★ after all —
what do men see in these Kayser
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Says HIPPOLYTE ★ ankles
ten times as seductive as they'll
ever see out of them—thanks to
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FASHION'S PETS ★ KAYSER STOCKINGS

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 442

all hills and hollows would never admit it, and the ones who are straight up and down like a yard-and-a-half of pump water would also be rather apt to turn a bit sour-like if remarks were made about it. One man, who has done a V.C. act, is the one who has said that the Northern woman is "stocky." It will be recalled by those who are well up in their hunting classics that Good-hearted Green (a horse-dealer) told Facey Romford, M.F.H., at that ball that was run by Lucy Glitters, to go and get himself suited with a nice, short-legged handy little woman — and not to worry about him; but then, that was said between man and man. This other thing has been said openly and in print. I hope the eminent costumier is never going to Manchester. I wonder into which category the Venus de Milo (in the Louvre) would fall if they put modern clothes on her. Even the cleverest costumier, I should think, would have all his time cut out to stop her looking a bit lumpy and bulgy.

Some one sent me a yarn the other day about a great old celebrity in Malta in times gone by, a charming old Hebrew named Cubi, and here is another story from the same source:

Cubi allowed no patronizing, and many a young puppy has been put in his place, and from others of much higher rank he would stand no nonsense, for like all fair-dealing Jews he could be implicitly trusted. When excited, his English was liable to become rather shaky. "You're just one damned rascal, Cubi," said a newly-

arrived colonel, suffering from some fancied "do" on the old Jew's part. "You say dat!" screamed the old man. "Then I tell you, you are a too dam' rascal!" It is probable that there are still a good many people alive who remember another world-wide celebrity, one "Suffering Moses," who dealt in curios at that charming spot, Srinagar, in the enchanted Kashmir Valley. He was not a Jew, but a Kashmiri, and it would make a vivid story if his recollections could be collected.



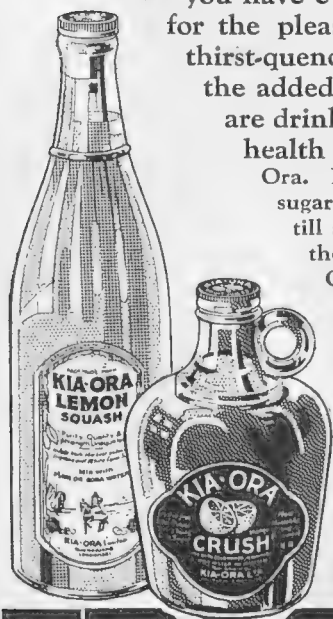
MRS. CLAUDE LEIGH AND MRS. MCCORQUODALE AT MRS. LEROY LEWIS' PARTY, LAST WEEK

A flashlight picture taken at the Burlington Galleries, where Mrs. Leroy Lewis, who is one of London's most popular hostesses, had a party. Mrs. McCorquodale is better known to her public as Barbara Cartland, the clever young authoress and playwright. "Jigsaw," one of her best novels, created a sensation when it made its appearance. She married Mr. A. G. McCorquodale of Cound Hall, Cressage, Salop, in 1927, and they have a town house off Park Lane

Señor Mario Casagualdo of Mexico has, so he says, invented a new method of horse racing, i.e. jockeyless horses. Like many other things under the sun it is not new, for many many years ago in Italy some one thought of the same thing, and even went so far as to invent a species of surcingle which was adorned by something like a miniature cat-o'-nine tails. The Señor says that what he wants to do is to eliminate the "unscrupulous jockey," and make horse-racing as clean as greyhound racing, and the big idea no doubt is most praiseworthy, but in the same way as dogs desire to bark and bite, for 'tis their nature to, and do not always put it all in in the racing way, so might some loose horses turn it up, stop to fight or graze, or even take to savaging a book-maker. And then, how is the Señor going to be sure that in missing the Scylla of the wicked jockey he may not dive straight into the Charybdis of a far more wicked person, the operator with the hypodermic? There is also likely to be a loss of value in the jumping department for (to some people) more than half the fun of steeplechasing is to see other people thrown at the jumps. I do not think his idea is likely to work in practice.

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and find health
... when you drink
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KIA-ORA Ltd., London, S.E.1



Many people prefer Kia-Ora Orange Squash as it is slightly sweeter than the lemon. White cane sugar already added, nothing required but water.

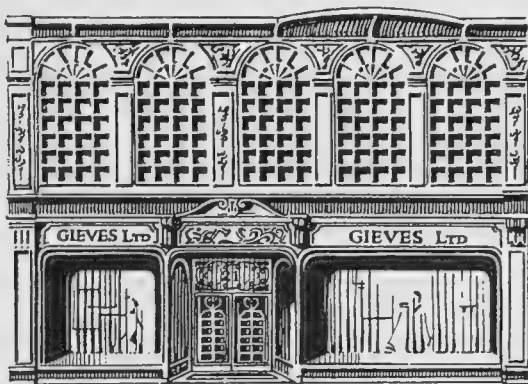
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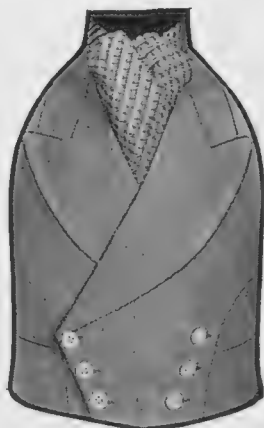
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1785 — MEN'S OUTFITTERS, TAILORS · HATTERS · HOSIERS — 1931



An Autumn Wedding.

Mr. Alexander Edward Dalmahoy, Calcutta, who is the younger son of the late Mr. James A. Dalmahoy, M.V.O., W.S., and of Mrs. Dalmahoy of 28, Royal Circus, Edinburgh, and Miss Margaret Annabel Inglis, the elder daughter of Mr. John A. Inglis, K.C., King's and Lord Treasurer's Remembrancer, and Mrs. Inglis of Auchindinny, Midlothian, and 13, Randolph Crescent, Edinburgh, have fixed October for their wedding, which is to be in Edinburgh.

Marrying Shortly.

On June 15th, Captain John Edward Ridley, R.E., marries Miss Edith Maude Tilley at Felsham Church, Suffolk; two days later sees the wedding of Captain Colin Macnaughtan and Miss Vere Whitehurst, which is to be at Christ Church, Down Street, Mayfair; and Mr. Ian Maitland Pelham Burn and Miss Helen Pamela Rowlett are being married at Dorchester Abbey, Dorchester, near Oxford, on the 23rd.

Recently Engaged.

Captain William Pasfield Oliver, the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment, the elder son of Captain P. V. Oliver, R.N. (retired), and Mrs. Oliver of Valence House, Sutton Valence, Kent, and Miss Mary Helen Halford, the eldest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel M. F. Halford (late the York

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



Hay Wrightson

MISS IRENE WILMOT

The eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Wilmot of Crayke, Sidcup, Kent, who is to marry Mr. Humphrey Oliver Aneurin Shelton-Agar, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Shelton-Agar of Ceylon, and the marriage will be on August 12



Lafayette

MISS MARGARET BROWN

Who is engaged to Lieutenant Roland Blair Clark-Hutchison, Royal Navy, H.M.S. "Whirlwind," the second son of the late Sir George Clark-Hutchison, K.C., M.P., and Lady Clark-Hutchison, is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adam Brown of Glenholm, Kirkcudbright



Hay Wrightson

MISS MARGARET REDMAYNE

Whose engagement was announced last month to Mr. John Fallowfield Longrigg, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Longrigg of Westgate-on-Sea. She is the elder daughter of the late Major J. B. Redmayne and of Mrs. Bleasdale of Beechfield, Lancaster

Mr. William Eldon Tucker, F.R.C.S., elder son of Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Tucker of Hamilton, Bermuda, and Miss Jean Ferguson, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Ferguson of 51, Albert Court, S.W., and Garlands, Billingham, Sussex.

In August.

Early in August, Mr. Gerald B. Hollom of Rangoon, Burma, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hollom of Northcote House, Sheen, Surrey, is marrying Miss Clare Whitehead, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Whitehead of the Manor, Piddletrenthide, Dorset.

THE CHAMPAGNE

OF CHAMPAGNES



George Goulet

CHAMPAGNE

An expression in
very good taste

YARDLEY LAVENDER



Youth & Beauty & Fashion—

Wherever they foregather—the exquisite Yardley Lavender will greet you; a perfect perfume for the informal occasion when heavy, exotic perfumes would be out of the picture.

Lavender for the gay insouciance of the débutante, Lavender for her charming mother—and *her* mother too. Wistful, Winsome, Lovable Fragrance !

<i>Sprinkler Bottles</i>	<i>Pocket Flasks</i>	<i>Stoppered Bottles</i>
2/6 to 16/6	1/9 & 3/4	6/3 to 70/6

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YARDLEY
33 Old Bond St.
LONDON

ALSO : *Lavender Soap* — 'The Luxury Soap of the World'—2/6 a box of three tablets, *Face Powder* 1/9, *Compact Face Powder* 2/6, *Face Cream* 1/6, *English Complexion Cream* 3/6, *Bath Salts* 2/6, etc.

THE ART OF BEING LOVELY

The Demands of the "No-Brim" Hat.

There is a veritable storm in a teacup about the evils that are wrought by the no-brim hat; nevertheless, as long as it retains fashion's favour women will wear it and reply to its demands in giving unto themselves smooth foreheads and bright eyes. In order to do this successfully they must visit the Cyclax Salons, 58, South Molton Street, W. There they are emphatic that for some time women in general have neglected their foreheads, and it is due to this and not to the hats that wrinkles have appeared. However, it is splendid news that they have evolved certain treatments that will overcome these troubles; they make the brow very white and smooth and give brightness to the eyes. It must be remembered that very often quite young girls have frowning wrinkles above their noses.

The Forehead Strap.

The forehead strap should be worn at night; before it is adjusted the skin must be massaged with a special skin food; it is endowed with great astringent properties. The correct movements of the fingers are given in a diagram in a brochure entitled "The Art of Being Lovely," which will be sent gratis and post free. By the way, those who adhere to a rigid diet for slimming often discover that their throats are the reverse of attractive; they should massage them with this cream as the skin and muscles need sustenance.

Eye Lotion and Eyelash Tonic.

In order that the eyes may be bright (no one can look well whose eyes are dim and heavy), Cyclax Eye Lotion must be used; it really does perform the good work that is claimed for it; it clears and brightens the eyes, and makes them feel fresh and wide open. Should puffiness and lines be present under them, then the skin food must be tapped (not massaged) in until it is absorbed. In

the morning after washing, the eyes must be closed and the muscles sponged with cold water to which has been added a few drops of braceine; the eyelashes must likewise receive attention, and in order to increase their length and silkiness the aid of the Cyclax Eyelash Tonic must be sought. Provided it be used with the utmost discretion, eye-shadow is decidedly becoming even during the day.

The Daily Dozen.

All women wish to be slim, and it is now realized that exercises are essential, as they not only reduce the weight but persuade the internal organs to function in the way that nature intended they should. The Daily Dozen have been evolved by the Cyclax Company; they are ever so simple, and may be carried out at home. The work that each exercise performs is plainly stated and the number of times they must be done. The chart and particulars are given in "The Art of Being Lovely." A great improvement will be noticed in a very short time if from ten to fifteen minutes are devoted to them daily; the morning is the best time, before the bath, but there are some who think that they have a more beneficial effect afterwards. Should it be desired to speed up the process of slimming, the Violet Ray Reducing Bath Salts are warmly to be recommended; they are fragrantly perfumed, they soften the water, stimulate circulation, and in this way excessive fat is carried off in the normal way. Furthermore, sufferers from rheumatism will derive great benefit from them. The Cyclax Instanta Beautifier is a lotion that instantly beautifies and revives the skin, making it beautifully white, clear and smooth. It takes but a moment to apply. Furthermore, the effect is lasting.



The modish "no-brim" hats demand bright eyes and a smooth forehead. The Cyclax Co., 58, South Molton Street, are responsible for certain home treatments that rob the brows of wrinkles and clear and freshen the eyes



By Appointment to
H.M. The King.

MAWERS

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MODERATELY PRICED

Distinctive Furniture



£9.15.0



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Easy Chairs in Great Variety.

223 etc. FULHAM RD. CHELSEA S.W.3

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NEAREST STATION - SOUTH KENSINGTON (District and Tube).
BUS ROUTES - Nos. 14 and 96.



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NORWAY for the holiday that is different. Think of lunch in London and tea next day in Norway and you at once realise that a short journey takes you into the most amazing scenery the wide world has to offer.



Snow-capped heights and sunlit waters, wooden houses and quaint customs — old-world villages in green valleys. A pleasant surprise at every turn. A climate that lures you out, and bracing tonic air that makes life a real joy — a welcome from lovable folk that makes you sorry to leave. Norway is near, Norway is beautiful, Norway is different from any other country in the world. Make your first visit this year — it won't be your last.

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First-class throughout.

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PARIS PREFERS PEARLS

Writes our Paris Correspondent

Champs Elysées

"**T**here is a fact that no one can deny: the importance of dress accessories is greater every day since women have understood that a costume must harmonise in all its details to look really smart. Gloves, bag, hat, shoes, are always chosen to match, while jewels must bring in a brilliant touch, and yet a discreet one. This effect, sometimes difficult to obtain, is absolutely necessary to be "chic." *That is why real "élégantes" have never abandoned pearls*, these kind friends who give always more charm to any feminine face and who complete so perfectly any *ensemble*. Besides, I guess that, in doing so, they followed the advice of their "couturiers" who insist so much for a pure feminine fashion."

"**L**ately, I noticed at smart tea receptions and evening gatherings that pearl necklaces are worn by chic Parisiennes in many different ways. *The single row is young-looking and is much seen with the tailor-made*, while the long *sautoir* is preferred to complete an elaborate dress. For very elegant occasions I think that nothing equals the beauty of two or three rows of pearls united by diamond motives in a new and sumptuous manner."

"**O**f course one could object that such magnificences are only the privilege of fortunate women who can afford the cost of real gems, but in these modern days of miracles this is not an objection any more. The scientific brains of our present time have solved the problem for us, and now *any clever woman who understands true elegance can purchase Ciro Pearls which will add to her attractive look . . . without ruining expenses*. I agree that the reproduction must be perfect, but I must say also that *no one can see a difference between Ciro pearls and real ones*, and I know many a "femme chic" who is proud to wear *a Ciro necklace as the indispensable finishing touch*."

Renee

• The 16-inch necklet of Ciro Pearls costs One Guinea. Fully illustrated catalogues of Ciro Pearls and Ciro Jewellery will gladly be sent on request.

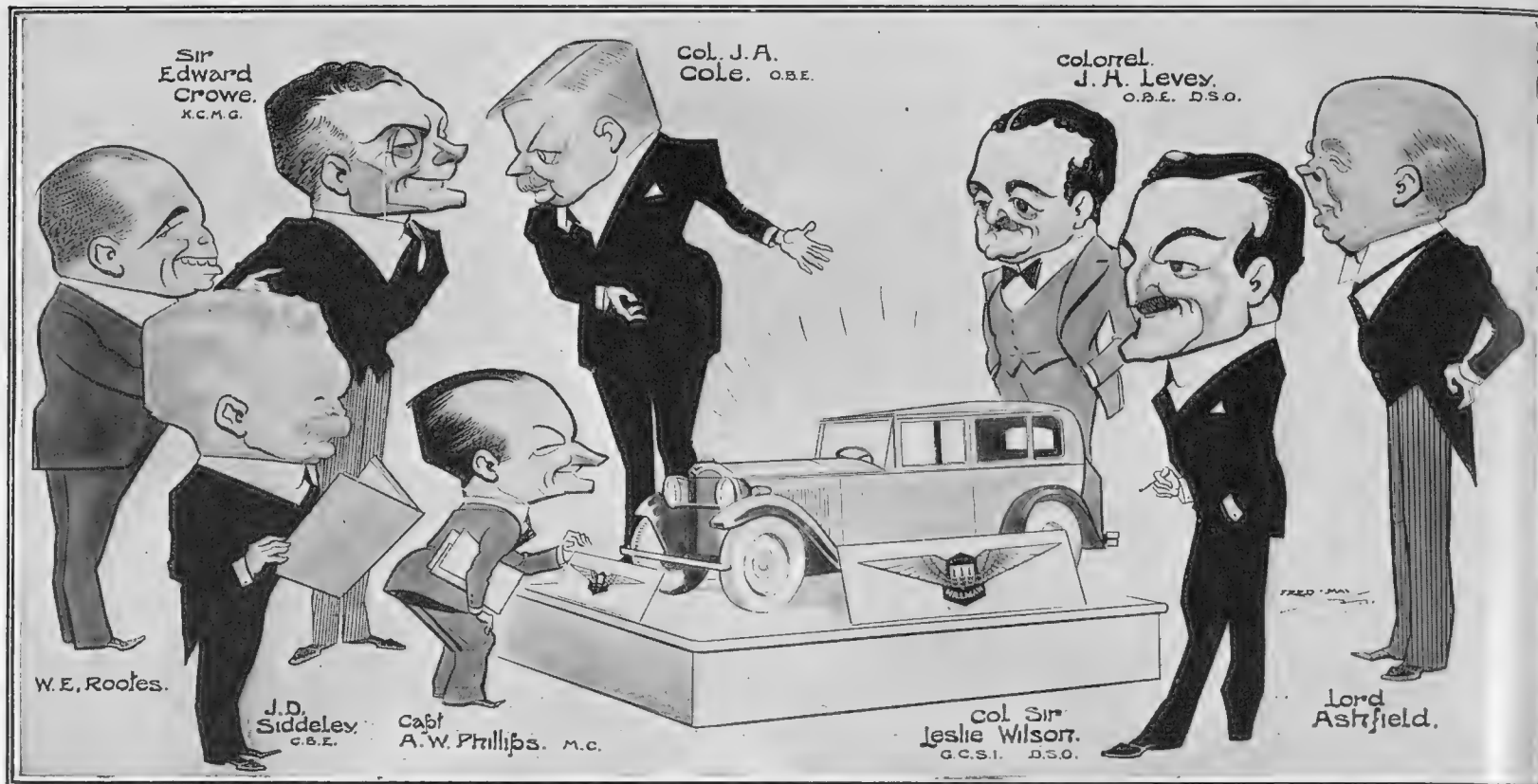
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MANCHESTER - 14 St. Ann's Sq.
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LIVERPOOL - 23 Church St.
SHEFFIELD - - 28 Fargate
EDINBURGH - - at Jenner's
GLASGOW - 95 Buchanan St.

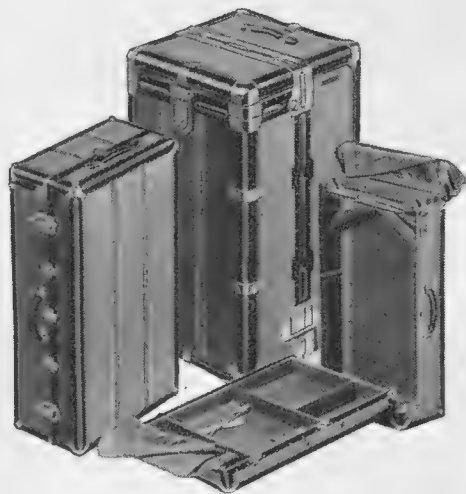
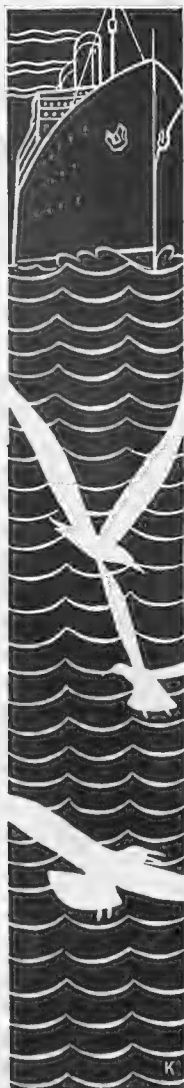
PEARLS & JEWELLERY

AT THE HILLMAN "WIZARD" LUNCH



AMONGST THOSE WHO WERE AT THE ALBERT HALL

The birthday of the new Hillman "Wizard" was celebrated by a lunch, to which over a thousand people went, and here are some pictures of a few only of the leading lights. Mr. J. A. Cole, O.B.E., for instance, is chairman of the Humber-Hillman group of Commer cars. Sir Leslie Wilson is an ex-Governor of Bombay (1923-28); Sir Edward Crowe has been Comptroller-General of the Department of Overseas Trade since 1928, and has had a distinguished career in the Consular Service, and the names Rootes and Siddeley are ones with which to conjure in the motor world. Lord Ashfield is an ex-President of the Board of Trade and the controlling genius of London's transport.

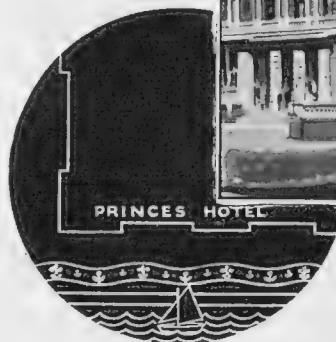
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HARTMANN TRUNKS and wardrobe hand luggage offers not only the utmost in quiet elegance and good taste, but also in travel comfort, convenience and lasting qualities. For convenience, durability and superior beauty HARTMANN LUGGAGE is unequalled.

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Princes overlooks the sea and Hove Lawns, it is within easy reach of four golf courses.

TARIFF—APPLY MANAGER.
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PRINCES HOTEL BRIGHTON

SMOOTH TO THE LIPS



ARE THE 'IVORY' TIPS



What a difference an 'Ivory' tip makes to your enjoyment of a cigarette! So smooth, so comfortable, so pure and wholesome! You will find the 'Ivory' tip only on the highest grade of Virginia cigarettes . . . Their name?

DE RESZKE

Virginias 10 for 6d.

— of course!

Turks 20 for 1/-

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 452

is about all he has got," was the answer. "But he is doing such useful work that the committee, I am told, is seriously considering making him a life member of the club, with free meals for ever. He really does know something about cars, and he is a splendid corrective for those who only think they do." Well, I was very sorry to hear about his penury, for there might have been a tenner or two to pick up—but it was a great defeat of the windy boasters—and I sincerely hope this little chap will carry on with his valuable mission.

Our Minister.

There is something cruelly Gilbertian in the unhappy situation in which Mr. Herbert Morrison now finds himself. An affliction of the eye makes it possible that, under the law which he has himself established as to the vision of drivers, he may henceforward have to content himself with being a passenger. That is extremely bad luck, and I have not the least doubt that the whole motoring community will not only sympathize with him but sincerely wish for his complete recovery. Our Minister of Transport has done a lot of things that are not exactly welcome, others that have been carried out in such a hurry that they may yet lead to a good deal of trouble, but in general he

has been broad-minded, wise, and progressive. Whilst I was rejoiced to see that he quickly disposed of the medical deputation that wanted him to authorize "drink-cards" for motorists (it is really hard to believe that such a thing could be meant seriously, though in these days you never can tell), I was equally disappointed that he turned down the notion of holders being reminded of their driving licences approaching out-of-dateness. The enormous importance of the flimsy dollar's worth, in my judgment, justifies a reminder. One gets that for a wireless licence, which is nothing like so crucial a document. The implication thus is that Mr. Morrison positively wants to give the police scope for the exploiting of their fine-collecting powers. I should have thought that anything that would enable the wheels of Government to move easily would have been adopted. But perhaps the Cabinet rejoices more over the one forgetful man who can be brought to book than over the ninety-and-nine who are careful enough to keep themselves out of the clutches of the law.

The Right Way.

I imagine that Dorchester House is not only the first typically seaside hotel to plant itself in town, but is surely the first in which the requirements of car-owners have been considered. In the basement they have established an excellent, well-lit, and commodious garage.



ON THE LAGGAN WATER, MORAYSHIRE

Mr. Spencer Kennard, Mr. Tom Eccles, and Mr. J. Eccles, and the two ghillies behind, on the Laggan Water, River Spey, last week. They killed thirty-eight fish in one week, sixteen in one day, and it is the best salmon season for several years

Sutherland

Warwick Wright Says

"WHO CARES 'BOUT THAT"

The historic remark of the coloured comedian was repeated to us when we pointed out that Armstrong Siddeley engines form the equipment of some of the world's finest aircraft.

The answer being that the same efficient and unfailing reliability which dictates this choice, is found in these cars.

Smooth—comfortable—and unfailingly reliable, with aircraft engine quality built in.

Then you also get the famous self-changing gear feature.

We would like you to drive one from our showrooms.

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Hoodwright

The fit is assured when you choose clothes instead of cloth • at Austin Reed's



WHEN YOU GET A LAST-MINUTE INVITATION

At this time of the year, morning clothes are more than likely to be needed suddenly and urgently. A last-minute invitation to Ascot . . . the Eton and Harrow. Once, that might have meant a refusal out of hand . . .

To-day, Austin Reed's have made it merely an affair of minutes for a man to fit himself out for formal occasions. So wide is the selection, so exactly have we worked out our system of sizes, that you can be certain of morning clothes just right in every detail . . . the fit of the coat, the hang of the trousers.

They are made from carefully chosen cloth of the finest quality . . . tailored by experts whose skill is surety that the cut is correct, the style beyond reproach. You can get a complete morning suit. Or you can get a new pair of trousers . . . a top hat, silk or grey . . . a grey waistcoat . . . Or again, you can equip yourself literally from the crown of your hat to the sole of your shoes.

And it's not only that you do it all so quickly, so easily. The Austin Reed prices will be a revelation to you of how little really good morning clothes need cost.

Morning Coat and Waistcoat	-	-	-	7 gns.
Striped Trousers	-	-	-	37/6, 47/6
Light Grey Waistcoats	-	-	-	12/6 to 21/-
Silk Hats	-	-	-	25/-, 35/-, 40/-
Grey Top Hats	-	-	-	25/-, 40/-

AUSTIN REED'S OF REGENT STREET

ELEVEN "NEW TAILORING" CENTRES

WEST END: 103-113 Regent St., W.1 24 Coventry St., W.1
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Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds,
Bristol and Belfast

MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS



THE VAUXHALL CADET IN AUSTRALIA

In this photograph, just received from Australia, Don Bradman, the famous cricketer, is shown examining the first Vauxhall Cadet to run on Australian roads. The picture is taken in front of the Anzac Memorial, in the centre of which is an urn from which burns an eternal flame. It is a perpetual tribute to the many Australians who fell during the World War

Again a popular British car has carried off international honours in its class. Three months after their strenuous record-breaking run on the snow and ice-bound track at Montlhéry, the three well-known racing drivers, Messrs. G. E. T. Eyston, E. A. D. Eldridge, and P. Brewster, have now broken the four records they then obtained, this time in a Singer Victory Ten saloon. Averaging two miles an hour faster than on their previous attempt, they raised the international record in Class F for 4,000 kilometres to 57·82 m.p.h., and the record for forty-eight hours to 57·99 m.p.h. The record for 5,000 kilometres and 3,000 miles were

raised to 55·9 m.p.h. and 55·87 m.p.h. respectively. As before, the car was a standard type saloon, not stripped in any way and having the full catalogue specification. It was lubricated with Wakefield Castrol oil and Castrollo upper cylinder lubricant.

The car which Douglas Fairbanks gave to Mary Pickford as a birth-day present when she arrived in England was a 20-25 Rolls-Royce with a Sedan de Ville body. Mr. Fairbanks himself went to Barker's while the car was being completed, and watched the finishing touches being made. The car is painted in black with a thin white line, and is upholstered in plain fawn cloth with chromium and ivory fittings, and has veneered walnut panels. There are deep doors and a very low floor, and although the car will go back to America, it has right-hand steering.



THE HILLMAN "WIZARD" IN BUENOS AIRES

Mr. R. C. Rootes (centre) with Mr. Leeding, chief engineer, and Mr. Cook, Sales Director of Rootes (Argentina), Ltd. Mr. R. C. Rootes has just arrived back from Buenos Aires on the S.S. "Almanzora"

**Whatever the car,
whatever the year,
model, or h.p.—**

THE NEW

K·L·G K

PLUGS

will suit it!

"FIT AND FORGET" THE NEW K·L·G K PLUGS

K.16

**GOOD
GIN**
... LONG
COOLING DRINK

Gin and Ginger Ale or Gin and Ginger Beer. A Gin Highball or a Cream Fizz, 'fact anything that's cooling and nice and refreshing which lives in a long glass simply must have Gin in it.

Make sure it's the right Gin. Make sure it's Holloway's Dry London ... double distilled and crystal clear. Holloway's to banish woe and care ... always

HOLLOWAY'S
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always

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ZEAL

ZEAL begins in vision—and continues in work. Every onward step of the world's progress has been originated in someone's flash of insight, carried out by someone's patience, energy and endurance unremittingly given until the cherished ideal is attained.

ZEAL has a burning quality and recognises no obstacles but to consume them; like fire, it needs both feeding and watching. Unfed, it flares up for a brief moment and dies. Unwatched it may become a danger. Fed on effort and guarded by good sense, it is the road by which perfection is reached—it is the road by which Standard perfection has been attained.

Soundness of design, the skill of British craftsmanship and insistence on quality are combined in every model.

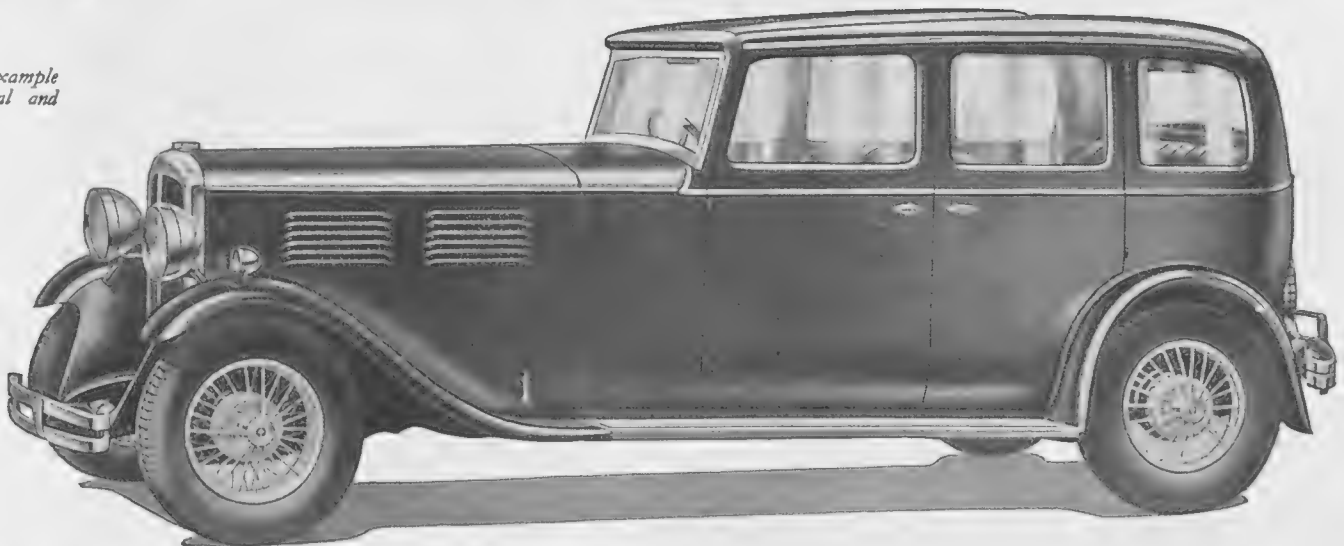
ZEAL has demanded that every part is perfect to make a perfect whole.

You will be proud to own a Standard.

All-British **Standard**

BEAVERS

*An outstanding example
from Nature of zeal and
sustained endeavour.*



Models for 1931

"ENVOY"
Six Cylinder Half-Panelled Saloon
£385

"ENSIGN" SIX
Six Cylinder Saloons—as illustrated
£245 £275 £285

"BIG NINE"
Four Cylinder Saloons
From £195—£255



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The giant air liners of Imperial Airways are absolutely steady in flight. They can accommodate large wardrobe trunks and other bulky luggage. Passengers may move freely about inside the aircraft, and a Steward in attendance on the Buffet is carried for your convenience.

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C.F.H. 75

Air Eddies—continued from p. 424

going well in Leicestershire and elsewhere. One hundred and three gliding clubs have formed or are forming or are about to form. An additional impetus will be given to gliding by Major H. Petre's fine record of 3 hr. 28 min. 5 sec. soaring at Dunstable Beacon the other day, and Miss S. Lippen's record of 1 hr. 2 min. made near Brighton. Major Petrie was flying in 1910.

Some of the provincial centres of National Flying Services are obtaining at their pageants the services of some of the finest pilots in the country. Flying-Officer Johnson, Mr. Staniland, Mr. George Murray, and Flying-Officer Leech are among them. Mr. Raymond Quilter is also giving parachute descents at one or two places. Mr. Quilter last year made the longest delay drop I have seen in this country, although many other people have claimed "records." Parachutists are apt to over-estimate the distance of their delay, and small blame to them. But Mr. Quilter really did delay so long that it became uncomfortable to watch him. When he finally pulled the rip cord his parachute opened instantly.

"The Tatler" Scheme.

"Wessex Airways," the well-written and well-produced organ of the Bristol and Wessex Aero Club, says of THE TATLER flying scheme: "Within five days (of the opening of THE TATLER scheme) the first fifty applications had been received and no further candidates could be considered. In spite of this there is still a steady flow of applications for the free trial lesson, and it is probable that the total number received is already well over a hundred. The first fifty applications received at Bristol provided some really good material in the way of potential pilots, and it will be no easy matter selecting the final six. . . . Ten of our candidates are ladies."



A WHITSUN AIR CRUISE

Mr. Nigel Norman showing the route on the map to Miss Barton, a New Zealand lady pilot, before setting out for the recent Continental air cruise from Heston Air Park

On the day on which I am writing these notes two important club pageants are being held, one at Sywell by the Northamptonshire Aero Club, and the other at Scarborough for the opening of the Scarborough Aero Club.

Round the World in . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Day, who propose to fly round the world, had their aeroplane taken to Heston in bond, the first time such a course has been adopted, from the London Docks. The machine has some unusual features such as a 100 per cent. stagger, the 'planes being set over to the full width of their chord, and it is said to have an exceptionally low landing speed, about 35 m.p.h.

Heston is extremely busy, and almost every day it justifies more convincingly the faith which Mr. Norman and Mr. Muntz expressed to me when they showed me the cabbage patch which was all there was of the aerodrome a few years ago.

The Tour de France which ended at Orly showed that the French are producing some excellent light aeroplanes. The Farman 231 particularly, with the small Renault engine, proved itself an attractive and speedy machine. Flown by M. Lalouette in the speed trial one of these machines averaged 115 m.p.h. over the course. The Farman 231 is a low-wing monoplane of clean design, simple and robust in construction. The smaller model with the Salmson engine is known as the two-thirty, a name which suggests "Bradshaw."

‘What—me go about looping the loop?’

‘Why should you?—that’s not flying!’

SAYS CAPTAIN MAX FINDLAY

All this upside down flying you see at air pageants is no more flying than record-breaking at Daytona is motoring. Here at Hanworth we regard flying as **you** do motoring—as a normal method of travel. But what a difference! No traffic blocks. No long, slow processions along hot and dusty roads. Instead, you are your own master—free to go where you like and in comfort—and what is more, breathing pure air. You will very soon learn enough to enjoy such an experience. The NFS system of instruction—with a patient, experienced pilot taking you step by step through all the points of flying, teaching you all the time—will quickly give you absolute confidence in yourself. And then—one glorious day you will take off alone! That’s when you will appreciate the NFS policy of air parks all over the country—providing you with somewhere definite to go to whenever you want to fly. Come along to Hanworth any time you like and see all this for yourself. Ask Captain Findlay to show you how we teach flying, and how we look after our machines. If you can’t do this just write for details, or if you prefer it, ring up our London Information Office—’phone Gerrard 9316.



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**Write for the new NFS Booklet,
—which shows clearly how easy
—how inexpensive—how fasci-
nating — flying is with NFS.**

●NFS Headquarters: The Grange, The London Air Park, Feltham, Middlesex. Clubs and Air Parks at Blackpool, Hull, Leeds, Nottingham and Reading.
●The Air Park at Hanworth is 12 miles from London, just off the Great West Road. Many 'buses and trains. 'Phone: Feltham 236. London Office: Ger. 9316.

Polo Notes—Continued from p. 446

there is a marked absence either of real thought as to how the highest efficiency is to be obtained or of the will to change methods which have become ingrained in our system, but which are obviously inadequate to the end in view. The Americans also tend to develop the "boss" type, a real boss, wielding a comparatively drastic and ruthless power, approved of by public opinion and acquiesced in by his subordinates in a manner foreign to this country, where assumption of authority is likely to meet with a "see him damned first" or "go to hell" type of opposition, or a "not worth it" or "impossible" type of obstruction. No methods which are not carefully thought out to lead to the very highest efficiency will suffice to defeat Americans imbued with these ideas. And not only must the methods be thought out, but those concerned, if they expect to win, must be prepared for the self-sacrifice which any system, aiming at the highest, must inevitably entail.

All this is excellent advice, but neither at the Beaufort Club nor anywhere else in England can we guarantee to our team grounds upon which polo "at absolutely full speed" can be played. Last season, with only forty-four days upon which polo could be played in London and not all of these upon fast grounds, and the Beaufort Polo Club faring very little better, how can we hope to give any team this high-speed practice which is a fundamental necessity? General Ricketts also attacks the system under which polo is played in England, and again we are bound to agree with him. He writes after severely criticizing our team's lack of combination and its ball-chasing propensities and its often brilliant individualism:

The second reason is the system under which polo is played in England during the season. International players get most of their play apart from each other and in various teams in which they are, inevitably, the chief performers. Their excellence makes them able to take on their shoulders the greater part of the play of their side. It undoubtedly pays them to do so. They thus become more and more individualistic, and their systems of play and their ideas become more and more divergent according to their temperaments and the exigencies of



LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH, LADY SHOLTO DOUGLAS

Outside Dorchester House. Lady Cynthia Asquith is a daughter of Lord Wemyss. Lady Sholto Douglas is an aunt by marriage to Lord Queensberry

the teams in which they find themselves. No agreement or continuity of idea as to combined tactics and team formation is possible in these circumstances.

The effect is increased by the necessity of playing first in one place in one team and then in another place in another team. The player really becomes expert in none. No doubt many high-class players can adapt themselves to almost any place within limits, but they cannot, in these circumstances, play their absolute best in the highest class of competition. They can only do this by specializing, for a time at least, nor can they specialize unless others, the same men every time, specialize with them, without interludes of divided allegiance. Methods which may pay them well when they are playing with those inferior to themselves are likely not to show equally good results when they meet opponents as good as they are, who are able to score their share of wins in encounters of personal skill and finesse.

The remedy seems to be obvious: send the Internationals away to some spot where they cannot play for "various teams," but it has got to be some spot where they can play and not be condemned to sit and watch the rain come down in stair-roads. Personally I believed that our team last year was man for man as good as the enemy, and I think a fair verdict on the second match is that this was proved, but the main handicap against us was too heavy. It is an unalterable disadvantage until some clever scientist arrives who can change the climate of England.

As if to corroborate anything I have had to say in the foregoing notes about the impossibility of our English weather, the entire Whitsuntide programme in London and elsewhere was wiped out completely by what the meteorologist calls a "belt of low pressure," and at least a week of London polo was taken from us. This is nothing unusual, of course, for we are used to it, but supposing, as last year, we had had an International team badly in need of practice—how about it? How can we compete with this sort of thing when, as in such a case, every hour is of importance? Of course it has upset all programme dates.



SLEEP

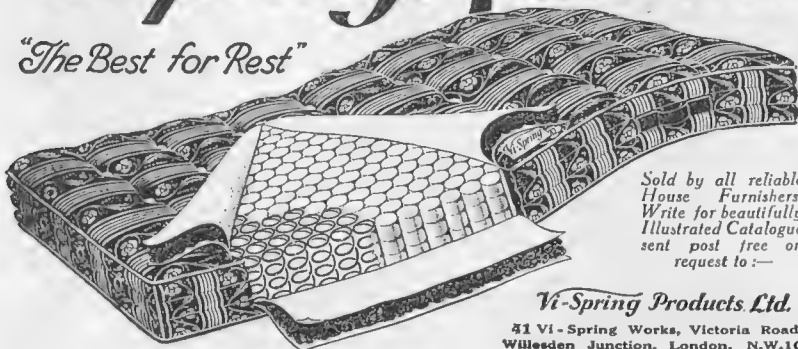
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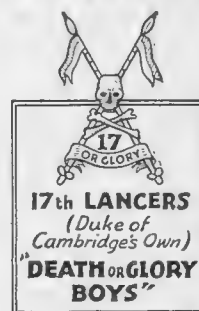


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Eve at Golf—continued from p. 454

The next day again, the morning matches were comparatively quiet, the afternoon's semi-finals replete with thrills. Miss Jeffreys allowed Mrs. Edwards, in spite of long driving, to take no liberties with her, but



Janet Jevons

MISS ELIZABETH GARDNER

One of the many engaging young people presented at the second Court. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thornton Gardner

the other match was a struggle all the way until Miss Pyman, who had never been up until she was dormy 1, beat Mrs. Rieben 2 up. Winning 5 holes in a row was a splendid answer to those who thought that Miss Pyman could not play her best against Mrs. Rieben.

As for the final, Miss Pyman hung on so bravely that Miss Jeffreys was only 2 up at lunch time, and never really got away from her. And it was only Miss Jeffreys' beautiful pitching which decided the match 4 up and 3 to go in her favour. Next year's Welsh is to be at Aberdovey, Mrs. Rieben's home course, so there should be great wigs on the green again there.

The Parliamentary ladies were busy at the same time down at Princes's, Sandwich, Lady Astor amongst them. Miss Cotgrave, who played with Miss Rudgard when they won the "Eve" Spring Medal Cups this year, won the

scratch with 86, Mrs. Douglas Fish and Lady Alness tying for second with 88. It was Mrs. Sidney Hankey who won the handicap cup with 95—17=78; Miss Cotgrave was second with 86—5=81, and Lady Rosebery came third with 101—17=84. Mrs. Hankey went on to win the knock-out tournament under handicap, beating Miss Leslie Lampson, who gave her 2 strokes, 4 and 3 in the final. The Mond Challenge Trophy for 36 holes under handicap went to Lady Alness, Bogey Foursomes to

Mrs. Douglas Grant and Miss Stanhope, altogether a distinguished gathering.

Miss Joyce Cave is one of the people who, with her squash rackets and her golf, shows that nobody need be a one-game woman to succeed. She has just held on successfully to the Berkshire Championship of which she was the holder, beating Miss Horsburgh, the young Sonning player, 9 and 8 in the 36-hole final.

Middlesex have beaten both Kent and Surrey, and though their new champion, Miss Rabbidge, has yet to win a match, she is taking such distinguished people so far that she can feel very content that her win was no fluke, and her position at the top of the team well justified.

The Inter-Club Foursomes under handicap of the Surrey County get more popular every year. Burhill were the holders, and represented by Miss Julia Hill and Mrs. Potter, they won it again, defeating Hankley Common (Mrs. and Miss Hern) 5 and 4 in the final which was played at West Surrey.

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

(Continued from p. 428)

which will be acted by two famous stars, Marguerite Pierry and Signoret. Laurent Doillet sees a few rehearsals, gives out that he is going into the country but, in reality, retires to a nursing home. The operation "succeeds" but . . . and a few days before the production the dramatist realizes that he will never see the First-Night. Before dying he exacts the promise that his death shall not be spoken of till after the *première* as he "does not want to influence the critics." The production is an immense success, and to-day *tout Paris* is speaking of him . . . twenty years too late.—Love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.



Lenore

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Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

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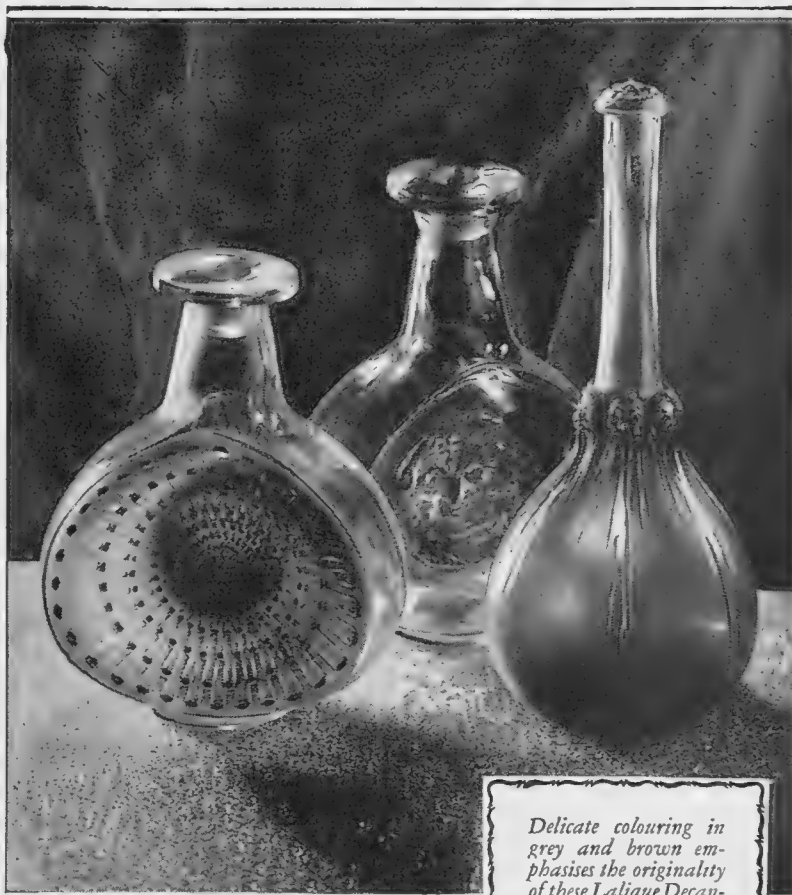
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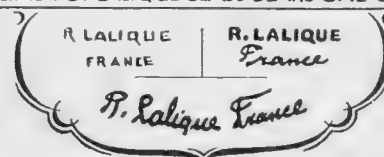
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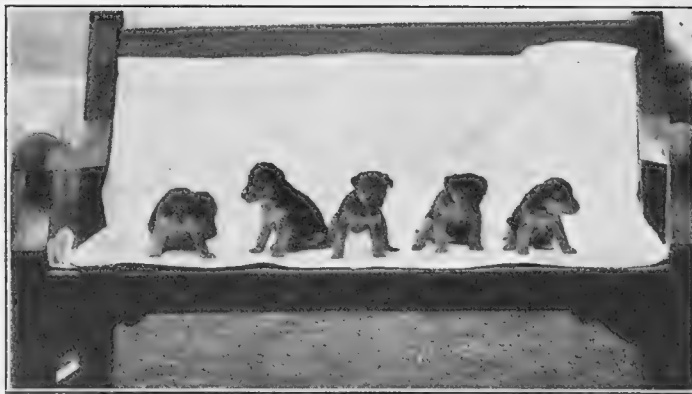
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LAKELAND TERRIER PUPS
The property of Mrs. Spence

Class. Jephtha has proved her superiority in the field, on the bench, and now in the Obedience Class. In the general breed classes the quality was very high, and there were many visitors from foreign lands to whom the Show must have been most interesting and instructive.

The rise of the Lakeland terrier to championship status is mainly due to the untiring efforts of Mrs. Spence, who has done most of the pioneer work. She has a large kennel of these dogs, who all pursue their legitimate work with the various Lakeland packs. This is a truly sporting British terrier quite unspoiled as yet. Mrs. Spence sends a picture of some of the pups she has for sale. The Lakeland terrier is a hardy, workmanlike-looking terrier and should appeal to all who like a working dog. Mrs. Spence has adults for sale as well as puppies.



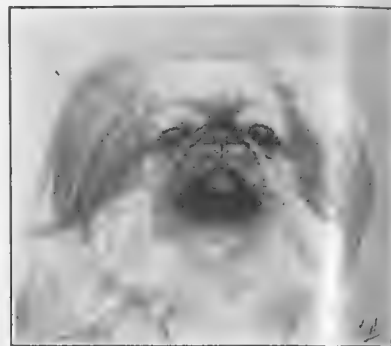
DARKIE OF BINFIELD
The property of Mrs. Romilly

enormous, but as we had the new hall as well as the old one there was always ample space. The Show was honoured the second day by a visit from H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester who flew over from Tidworth and presented the prizes to the children and the "Brave Dogs." The first day there was an excellent "cabaret show" by three highly-trained alsatians belonging to Miss Kelly. The General Obedience Class was exceedingly well judged by Mr. Phillips and Mr. Turner. It was most interesting as it shows all breeds can be trained, the entries including a sheepdog, an airedale, a cocker, Irish setters, labradors, and a golden retriever, a great dane, and two pekinese—one of the latter gave an extremely good display. Mrs. Charlesworth's well-known Field Trial winner, Noranby Jephtha, was awarded the prize for the best bitch in the General Obedience

Mrs. Romilly's French bulldogs are well known to all who take an interest in the breed. It can truly be said she has shown many dogs, but has never shown a bad one or a bad shower. The photograph is of one of her latest. Darkie of Binfield is a winner of two championship certificates and, from his appearance, will soon win his third; he is, as can be seen, a most beautiful dog of true French bulldog type.

Miss Heuston was much disappointed that under doctor's orders she missed our Show. She has a lovely red dog for sale, a year old, brilliant flame red, good all round, cheap to a good home. Miss Heuston says he is "an ideal companion and could be made either into a sporting character or my lady's pet. Pekinese are so adaptable—my dogs all lead outdoor active lives—no pampering." Miss Heuston's address is Eryl, Plumpton, Sussex. Owing to bad health she is not showing this year, but is always delighted to show her kennel by appointment.

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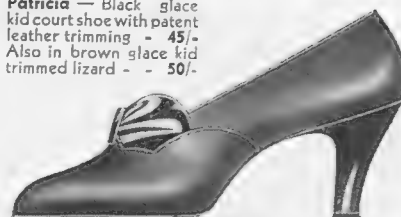
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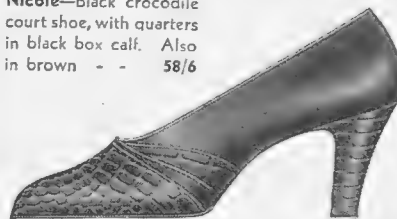
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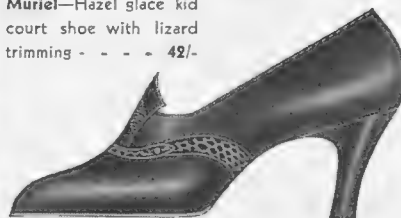
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THE PATHETIC EMPEROR

By IVAN ABERCROMBIE

MAINZ: May 16, 1931

ONE of the tragedies of modern Germany lies in its capacity to remember old hatreds—most of them hatreds within its own family. English people may enjoy superior feelings about their neighbours—belted Earls may feel sorry for the gross little man who has made a fortune out of pickles or cigarettes. But it is not in our nature to hate with the passion which seems to consume Germany to-day. Nothing in the world would make the aged aristocrat lower her chin a fraction of an inch as she motors through Frankfort, where 75 per cent. of the people are Jews. There is a touch of the Middle Ages about the hatred which exists between a Protestant and a Catholic village on the heights of Oberhessen, although they have lain side by side on the same hill for hundreds of years. The man on the Rhine hates Berlin—everywhere you go you find aristocrats and tradesmen and peasants pouring into their hatred the nervous energy which might be used to remove the enormities of their poverty. More than thirty parties wrangle in Germany's Parliament; the eyes of the Rhineland people blaze with awful loathing of the Frenchmen on the other side of the river.

But these are all hatreds which are based on false pride. There is only one loathing in Germany which has a tinge of shame. It is the almost universal dislike for the ex-Kaiser, who fades at Doorn, an actor bereft of his laurels, a soldier bereft of his sword.

Germany's attitude towards Wilhelm II seems to have been crystallized during the last three weeks, when the story of Alfonso's proud abdication has penetrated to the smallest German village. Germany is frankly ashamed of an Emperor who ran away, with pantehnicons full of furniture, showing not one vestige of the pride and courage of which he



THE EX-KAISER WILHELM II.

"There is only one loathing in Germany which has a tinge of shame. It is the almost universal dislike for the ex-Kaiser, who fades at Doorn, an actor bereft of his laurels, a soldier bereft of his sword."—An extract from the article on this page.

had boasted for as long as they could remember. During the past three weeks I have been to eight little German towns and in all of them the feeling was the same—they blush about the arrogant refugee at Doorn in the same way as families will speak in self-conscious whispers of a lunatic son who gibbers in a madhouse.

If the Emperor had retired with dignity, perhaps Germany would have become accustomed to his pathetic figure, chopping down trees at Doorn, sighing behind the walls of his prison. But even in his retirement he repeats his old mistakes. Ever now and again a soldier of the old régime goes to Doorn to wait upon His Majesty. They are old men—their swords are rusty and their eagles be-draggled. But the pride they have in the old cause is immaculate. Even these, who are his oldest friends, are a little ashamed. His inevitable taste for second-rate people, his willingness to creep into print through the pens of vulgar hirelings, his endless quarrels with his own children, are reminiscent of the actor who plays the Tsar upon the stage but who, shorn of his crown and robes in his dressing-room, descends to vulgar familiarities.

Don Alfonso's dignity has brought these things home to Germany in the last month. The people are willing to believe that England was brought into the War through the Emperor's arrogance, and that King Edward was justified when he turned from the Emperor's retreating carriage at Sandringham and said, "Thank God he has gone."

But if the Hohenzollerns have lost their last hold over the imagination of Germany, it is not merely because they were Princes. If you can make a German forget his politics, he will confess that he has no more anger against the dukes whom he dethroned. The vulgar and arrogant middle man, who has grown fat on the distress of prince and peasant, may still spit contemptuously upon a crown. But we may cry "Sour grapes" to him. The English system admits the vulgar to its peerage, so that class hatred is tempered by social ambition in England. But this could never be in Germany.

(Continued on p. xxx)



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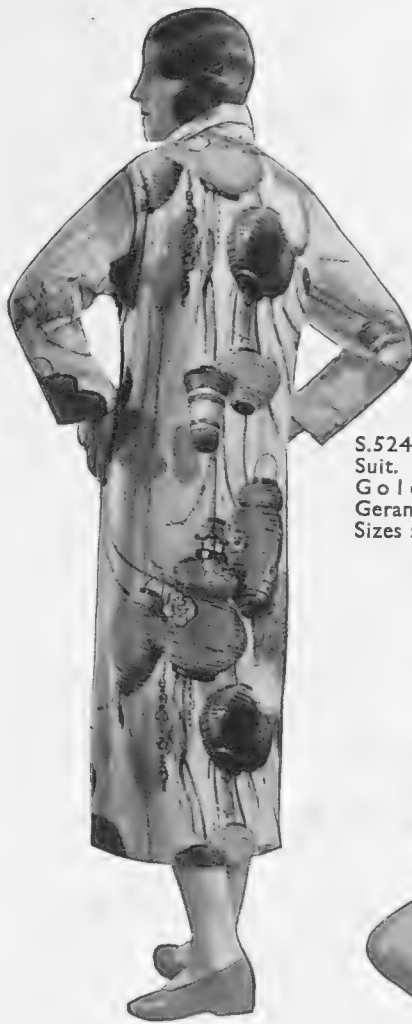


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The Pathetic Emperor

(Continued from p. xxviii)

So the rich tradesman hates the closed order of the aristocracy, in which his money could never buy himself a place.

But the peasants and the servants, the gentlemen of Germany, will never use the prefix "ex" when they talk of their duke or their prince. In the streets of Darmstadt they still speak of the "Gross Herzog," and the people of Coburg wave their hats with genuine affection when the duke comes down from his castle into the town. The case of these two Princes is all the more interesting, because they are mostly English in blood, education, and social instincts. The Grand Duke of Hesse, a grandson of Queen Victoria, is the most intelligent and cultivated German I have ever talked to. His mother was Princess Alice, the third daughter of the great Queen. He is too human, alive, charming, and intelligent not to take a sort of boyish delight in his freedom from the dreary business of ruling so many people.

A reigning prince cannot have friendships, nor can he have the family life of a commoner. For a dethroned prince friendships and domestic content must be like new, golden adventures. It is because these two grandsons of the English Queen have justified themselves so nobly in the new Germany that they have made for themselves a glory more intimate and affectionate than the glory to which they were born.

There are three towns in Germany which are distinctly English in their associations—Hanover, Darmstadt, and Coburg. In Hanover, you may still walk in the gardens of the Herenhausen, whence the Georges came to England. The museum is full of their pictures, their

stuffed horses, their swords, and their English toys. In Darmstadt, the vast Schloss has many English trinkets—there is the Prayer Book which was given to Princess Alice by "the Maidens of England" when she was married. In Coburg, the castles are still the setting for those Victorian figures who went there, when the Queen and the Prince were still young, full of romance and the serious business of wearing a crown.

In these places there is peace again. The Princes have proved that they had kind hearts to sustain them when their crowns were taken away. When a Princess goes into the town to do her shopping she floats along upon a river of smiles, friendly good nature, and raised hats.

And here lies the contrast with Doorn. In German eyes, the Kaiser has utterly failed to be dignified and graceful in his fall. "If he had gone as Alfonso did we might have pitied him," said the young undergraduate I met in Heidelberg. "But even the aristocracy, who are monarchists, have no regard for him now. He is the most pathetic figure in the world to-day. Even his descendants have failed to contribute any virtue to our country."

So it is in this sad, beautiful country, which is so closely bound to our own in nature and history, we find that the people theorize too much about progress, wasting so much of their precious energy on hatred among themselves. Jew against Christian, Protestant against Catholic, North against South, all against France, with little human pity and too much false pride, except when their Emperor at Doorn is mentioned.

Then they speak in whispers of shame, whether they are monarchists or not, passionate in their avowal that it is his arrogance which has humiliated them in the eyes of the world.



SIR RICHARD LEIGHTON

The intrepid airman and big game hunter, falls to the lure of the garden. He is seen here meditating on the colour scheme of his new viola garden, which he has designed himself at Loton Park, Shrewsbury. He was in the R.F.C. in 1914-15 operations and was taken prisoner

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Notes from Here and There

The Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1, need £13 to give a weekly allowance of 5s. to an old widower aged seventy-seven. He has no children or relatives to help him, his wife has only just died. He lives in a basement room in a back street of North London. His rent is 5s. a week and his only income is the old age pension. He is as proud as Punch of his little one-roomed home and he keeps it spotless, for he is a handy man and an old soldier. He served for some years with his regiment in India and has many precious relics of his old days there. In later life he earned a precarious living by doing all sorts of odd jobs and also by selling lemons. But his health is failing now and he is really past work of any kind. He dreads ever having to leave his "home," and so long as he can get about and keep it clean, we think he deserves a bit of help.

A Horse Show is being held at Woolwich with the object once more of assisting regimental and local charities. July 9 is the date selected. Several of the attractions which made the Tattoo so popular last year will be produced during the afternoon, and it is hoped that there will be a good attendance. Full particulars of, and entry forms for open, jumping, polo pony, and hunter classes can be had on application to the Hon. Secretary, Woolwich Garrison Horse Show, R.A. Barracks, Woolwich, S.E. 18.

H.R.H. the Duchess of York has graciously consented to be present at a Garden Party at St. James's Palace on Thursday, July 2, to receive "purses" in aid of the special appeal which Lady Cynthia Colville is making in aid of the National Council for Maternity and Child Welfare.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the London and Greater London Playing Fields Association was held a few weeks ago when it was unanimously resolved to do everything in the power of the Association to bring about the preservation of the Foundling Site as a permanent open space for recreational purposes in



MISS CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER AND HER SON

In private life Miss Skinner is Mrs. Blodget, and her little boy is a grandson of Otis Skinner, the great American actor. Miss Skinner will give six dramatic recitals at the St. James's Theatre, matinees only, commencing on June 9. She had a big success with her monologues when she was over here two years ago

London. This site will cost £400,000 and, although this is a very large figure, the value of the site is inestimable. The Association will be grateful for any help in their effort on behalf of the children of the Metropolis.

Of many gladsome records issued recently by "His Master's Voice" a certain favourite will be Leslie James rendering "Community Land" on a £4,000 organ built for use in a cinema. This polished artist of the ranges of key-boards takes a dozen popular variety hits and serves them up in such a way as to bridge the years of memory. The London Palladium orchestra score a triumph in classical selections of well-known tunes. Think of a dozen of your treasured airs and on this disc you will find nine of them—the Toreador's song from *Carmen*, Mendelssohn's Spring song, Rachmaninoff's Prelude, most cleverly blended one into the other. The return of the graceful waltz to general usage, perhaps aided by the fashion of the long skirt, keeps Marek Weber and his orchestra to the fore. In an arrangement of the Strauss *A Night in Venice*, the Weber men's music breathes of romance and gives the true Viennese setting to be listened to as daylight fades beyond the window.

The new George Arliss comedy, *The Millionaire*, continues to do big business and runs on. This is one of the most successful pictures showing at the moment, and it proves that Arliss is just as big an attraction in a modern rôle as he was in the character studies like "Disraeli" and "Old English."

Ben Hur, now in sound, is being presented at the Tivoli, at which theatre this great film ran for fifty-one weeks. This still remains the record long run for a film, the nearest approach to it since at the Tivoli being *Bulldog Drummond* with a twenty-one weeks' run.

An important reduction in the price of chocolate assortments is announced by the famous house of Cadbury Brothers, Ltd. Well-known boxes of their chocolates, such as King George, Prince of Wales, or Princess Elizabeth, which once cost you 4s., will now cost only 3s. 6d. Cadbury's Milk Tray are now 2s. 4d. per lb. instead of 2s. 8d.



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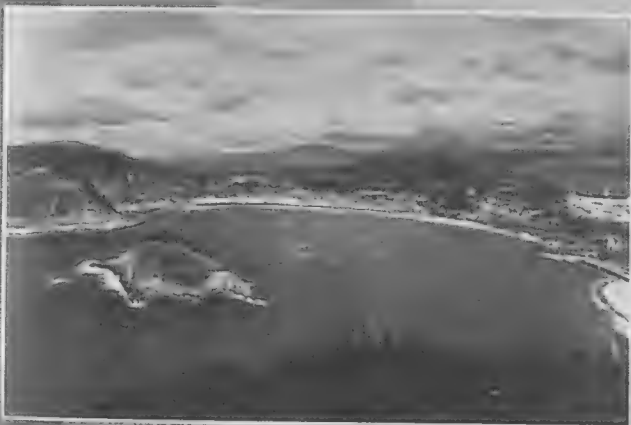
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For all information and literature apply to the Offices of the National Board for Travel in Spain, at PARIS, 12, Boulevard de la Madeleine; NEW YORK, 695, Fifth Avenue; ROME, 9, Via Condotti; MUNICH, 6, Residenzstrasse; GIBRALTAR, 63-67, Main Street. At LONDON and other cities apply to Cook's and Wagons Lits, or The American Express or any other Travel Agency.

ROUND AND ABOUT

Barely three years have elapsed since the Blackpool Tower Company took over the Winter Gardens, a vast amusement palace covering six acres of land. To-day the comparison would be odious, for a transformation has taken place as if by magic and there now stands a magnificent suite of halls that could grace any royal palace in the world. The big wheel was first to go and in its place was erected the colossal Olympia amusement park under glass which was opened last season and represented a record building feat. To-day the wonderful scheme of reconstruction that was evolved has been completed, and vistas of beauty that cannot be surpassed in halls in this country are open for the first time. The main hall, a Congress room, will fill your lungs with sunshine the moment you enter, at least synthetic sunshine, for here the problem of eternal sunshine has been solved by a wonderful device. One expects to see a rainbow at any moment, so realistic is the treatment of the roof and ceiling. The décor of the room is that of a Spanish courtyard with the wooded hillsides of Andalusia peeping above the terraced veranda surrounding this beautiful room. Human nature does not change; people always want to be glad and cheerful; so they have been placed in warm, golden environment.

Radiating from the courtyard are a series of banqueting and reception rooms and restaurants, one, a baronial hall in Old English lines of the Carolean period. This hall is a fine example which might have been transplanted in its



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This beautiful old house at Egham, Surrey, now a very up-to-date hotel, was once the home of that migratory monarch, Queen Elizabeth, and retains all the atmosphere of Shakespeare's Old England in which it has mellowed for four centuries. A house of traditions, it is one of the old moated houses of England used by Elizabeth as a hunting lodge, "Fosters" or "Foresters" indicating that it was at one time the home of the Chief Forester of Windsor Park. But quite apart from its historic fascination it is extremely comfortable and very modern inside

entirely from one of the stately homes of England, and neither king nor emperor have wandered through a more gorgeous apartment. There is a restaurant in the Georgian period and another in the beautiful Italian Renaissance design, dignified and artistic throughout, with specially woven Italian carpets on a maple floor polished like glass. A unique feature, the equal of which one would have to go back hundreds of years, is a refreshment lounge, "Ye Galleon," built to represent the officers' quarters on one of the Spanish Armada's galleons, with old oak construction and wood carving fully reminiscent of the period when Spain was attempting to be mistress of the seas. There are foyers, lounges, promenades all in the most modern decoration where Blackpool's thousands will gaze in awe and admiration this summer. The spacious kitchens are replete with every modern and hygienic device, and are

equipped to provide 2,000 people with a five-course dinner at one time. Hundreds of workmen have been employed, working night and day, on this gigantic scheme which has cost a veritable "mint of money."

A woman producer, Beatrice Wilson, who for many years played Shakespeare parts at the Old Vic, will be responsible for Philip Barry's *In a Garden*, with which the Repertory Players are concluding their present season on June 7. The theatre includes the Garrick. This has the requisite "intimate" atmosphere for the play, but accommodation is limited, so non-members wishing to join the society for the purpose of seeing this special play are advised to make application early. The cast includes Fabia Drake, Anthony Ireland, Ballard Berkeley, Edith Sharpe, Aubrey Dexter, and Reginald Smith.

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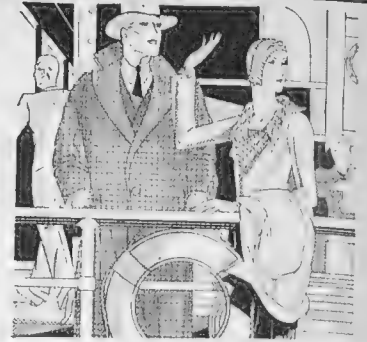
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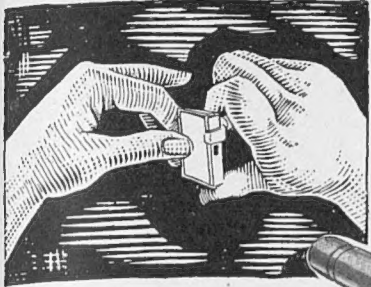
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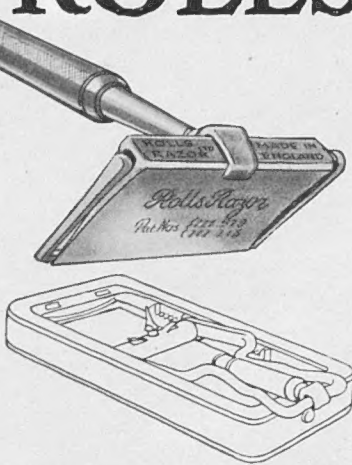
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"Let's have a cocktail"

Sir Edward: "Hello, Angela!"

Lady Angela: "Sorry, can't stop, Ted. Going to Sandown, you see. Just off to the bank for some money."

Sir Edward: "Money! What on earth do you want it for at Sandown? I'm quite sure you don't owe any to the 'bookies.'"

Lady Angela: "Don't be foolish! Of course not; but I'm going to back my fancies on the 'Tote' to-day, and you know it's all cash."

Sir Edward: "Wonderful how some people walk around full of blissful ignorance. Haven't you read the papers lately?"

Lady Angela: "What about?"

Sir Edward: "Why, all about how 'Duggie' has virtually established a 'Tote' in every Post Office."

Lady Angela: "What exactly does that mean?"

Sir Edward: "Simply that you can use the Race-course Telegraph Office for wiring him your bets."

Lady Angela: "Seems good; but suppose I hear of a good thing the last minute or two?"

Sir Edward: "Makes no difference, you can telegraph right up to the 'off.'"

Lady Angela: "Splendid! In that case I'll not need to go to the bank."

Sir Edward: "No, let's go to the Berkeley and have a cocktail; far more interesting."

Douglas Stuart

"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, LONDON